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TURNING OVER THE SAND GLASS.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 1, 1881.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN CANADA.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1881.

With the New Year we present to our subscribers and the public generally the XXII. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A new era of prosperity is dawning upon the country. After a long period of depression the good times are close at hand. Through good and bad alike we have not relaxed our efforts to maintain and improve our standard of excellence, and now that prospects are bright once more, we come forward to offer a paper improved as well as the times.

We have made changes in our editorial department, by which we hope to ensure bright, sparkling and original reading matter. The want of a good, readable family paper is widely felt throughout Canada, and this want we are determined to supply. Our paper is to be read, not merely looked at for the illustrations.

With the new volume will appear the first chapters of a new and highly interesting tale, entitled, "Against the Law," by Dora Russell, an author whose "Beneath the Wave" was so much appreciated by our readers a couple of years ago.

The illustrations of the paper we propose to materially improve, and shall endeavour to bring them to the highest possible state of excellence. A greater amount of original work is to be introduced than heretofore; and in this department we appeal to our friends throughout the country to send us sketches and notes of such subjects as they may think will interest our readers. Where possible, such drawings should be in pen and ink, but we shall be glad to receive drawings of any kind, or even photographs, where the subject is of sufficient importance.

From our literary friends we ask the same favours. The Editor will be pleased to receive stories, articles, or notes on any subject of interest.

In conclusion, we would say to our present subscribers: If you have been satisfied in the past, you shall be more satisfied in the future; if you were right in subscribing to us last year, you will have double reason for renewing your subscription, while all such as have never yet taken the paper, we would remind that the New Year is the time to turn over a new leaf—and that leaf should be the page of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

In a British peerage list appear 498 names, of which 5 date from the thirteenth century, 5 from the fourteenth century, 11 from the fifteenth century, 20 from the sixteenth century, 67 from the seventeenth century, 119 from the eighteenth century, and 271 from the nineteenth century.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Having devoted the present number almost entirely to light literature connected with the festivity which we celebrate to-day, there remains to us only a brief editorial space wherein to offer all our friends and patrons the compliments of the season. Not as a mere formality, but in heartfelt sincerity, we wish the subscribers of the News throughout the Dominion every blessing which Heaven may be pleased to confer on them during the coming year. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt that the country has entered upon a career of renewed prosperity, and it is therefore our hope that every one of our patrons may have a share in it. Personal as well as national blessings depend very much upon individual effort, and while each one owes it to himself to work for his own improvement, all of us owe it to our common country to contribute to the general weal. That in both cases these efforts may be crowned with success is our sincerest wish.

It would be out of the question to let the New Year's Number go to press without a special bouquet of good wishes to our fair readers. A Happy New Year to you, ladies, young and old, short and tall, fair and—but no, *all* ladies are fair to the right-minded.

The momentous question which at the present moment is agitating the majority of the fair sex, is doubtless "Shall we keep open houses on New Year's Day?" A word of warning to you, ladies. Look intently at the misery which our artist has feelingly represented for you on another page and beware—oh beware, of thrusting upon jaded humanity that last cup of tea. Open your houses we beg of you, but remember that man wants but little here below, and fourteen or fifteen cups constitute the limit to the powers of assimilation of most people.

Our young friends, too, must come in for their share of our good-will. We have tried, and always shall try, to make your holidays pleasant for you. Enjoy them while you can. It is only Christmas, or New Year, for that matter, every now and then, and Christmases and New Years grow less full of fun as the years run on. Now is the time to be happy, and what wishes can do, we will do for you at least. A happy New Year to you all.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, whose lectures were so highly appreciated on his recent visit, is at present the guest of Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH in Toronto, where he has met with a most enthusiastic reception.

THE death of GEORGE ELIOT is an almost irreparable loss to the world of letters. Although, after the death of LEWES, it was pretty well understood that her literary career was at an end, the public were not prepared for her so sudden departure. She was the English DE STAEL.

THE New Year does not open with fair auspices for Ireland. Bad as the situation has been during the past few months, there is reason to fear that it will grow worse within a comparatively brief space. Fortunately, Parliament meets early in January, and Government will be called upon to take some definite action.

POOR VENNOR—Though indeed we may congratulate ourselves that we have no reason to congratulate you. We must look, it seems, to the future to give us any reliable means of predicting, even approximately, the weather on which we all depend so much. What an impetus, by the way, would be given to general conversation if we could say, "What a glorious day we are going to have the week after next," instead of the somewhat hackneyed "Fine day, is it not?" of to-day.

THERE are now sixty-eight daily political journals published in Paris. Three new ones appeared yesterday: *La Ville de Paris*, *L'Unité Nationale*, and *La Loi*.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE HOLIDAY ADJOURNMENT—THE PACIFIC RAILWAY DEBATE—WRECKING TUGS, ETC.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Dec. 24th.—The House of Commons adjourned last night until Tuesday the 4th of January. It did not sit to-day, the day before Christmas being always a sort of holiday, besides being necessary to give the more distant members time to reach their homes. But an adjournment of this kind is very hard upon members from British Columbia and Manitoba, as well as those from some extreme points in the East. Sir John at first announced that he would only allow an adjournment until Tuesday; and again, at New Year's, until Tuesday. This would have been the better arrangement, and the only one consistent with calling Parliament in December. If Sir John could have foreseen that he would have yielded to the "gentle pressure" of which he spoke, it would have been much better not to attempt to call Parliament until January. Giving a long recess for the express purpose of affording an opportunity for agitation, is not one of those things in favour of which any powerful arguments can be used.

The great topic of the week has still been the Pacific Railway Contract; and it is greatly to be regretted that the debating has not been equal to the subject. The bitterness imported into the debate by the insinuations of corruption in Mr. Blake's speech at the close of last week, and the very violent language and sweeping insinuations in that of Sir Richard Cartwright, immediately following, have given a bad tone to the feeling this week, and the result is inimical to anything like a calm discussion of that question which of all others is most vital to the interests of this country.

Mr. McLennan made the speech of the week on the Government side in support of the contract with its provisions as they stand. And it is for those who take the opposite side to meet such positions as he has taken fairly on their merits, and overthrow them if they can. Many of the arguments of Mr. McLennan are so founded on common sense that they must have occurred to most men. Many of them have to me, and some of them I have already stated in your columns. It was especially the clear and gentle manner in which they were put, a manner which had in view at once respect for the member himself and for the intelligence of the House, which made so marked a change in the tone of this debate.

The first point was—the question being decided, (and it has been again and again shown to have been decided by both of the great parties in Parliament) that it is better to build the Pacific Railway by a Company than directly by the Government,—there must be a sufficient consideration given to induce a Company to undertake the work. Could a less consideration be accepted than is offered by the project before the House? The answer to this cannot be doubtful. The present Syndicate say they will not take less; and as I stated last week, it is an open secret, that several of the great monetary houses whose names have been mentioned in connection with this project, declined to become parties to it when they saw the extent of the obligations involved. This is not to say that there may not be some modifications of some of the details. But there cannot be a change of substantial considerations, if the work is to be done by a Company. And I will venture this prediction that whatever is the upshot, and whether the work is done directly by the Government, or by another Company, it will never be done for less than 53 millions of dollars in money, and 25 millions of acres of land, which, without being opened up by the railway, are utterly valueless.

The resolutions of the Legislature of Manitoba came like a little bombshell, and at first sight very greatly strengthened the hands of the Opposition. They would be very important, if the ground on which they proceed could be sustained. But if this is successfully attacked, they crumble to pieces. It is known that the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway Company, with their lands and connections, have great influence in the Pacific Railway Syndicate; and they are known to be pushing out Colonization Lines in the direction of our frontier to points west of the Province of Manitoba. The Manitoba people, therefore, fear that the line will be deflected south, and so give their province the go by. This, of course, would be a very great injury to Dominion interests. But the question is, could the Syndicate itself have an interest so to deflect the line to favour existing American railway systems at the expense of Dominion interests? The answer must be in the negative. The preponderating interests of the Syndicate would be Eastern to Thunder Bay and by their line North of Lake Superior. Besides, the projected roads of the St. Paul and Manitoba Company, are colonization roads, having for object the sale of lands. That Company has no interest in the United States railway system; East of St. Paul, and West of St. Paul, as I have already said the interest of the Canadian lines would greatly preponderate. In view of this fact, the Manitoba resolutions are not marked with so much wisdom as one might expect from a Legislature, while the references to the land selections are simply childish, in view of the interests involved.

The whole question of guarantees, as Mr. McLennan very clearly and powerfully put it in his

speech, and as has been urged on more than one occasion in these columns, narrows itself down to a question of commercial interest. If the Dominion were to give 25 million acres of land to a Company which had not interest, and in fact, a primary interest to dispose of them, first, for the purpose of obtaining money for their operations and profits, and second, for the purpose of obtaining population and traffic for their road, it would be a mistake of the greatest magnitude, for any consideration, to place any Company in possession of so much land. But on this point, we have not simply theory to depend upon; we have experience of the operations of great railway and land companies in the Western States. We have seen that the commercial efforts which they have put forth to induce settlement on their lands, have led to the most successful emigration propagandism that the world has ever seen, and that the results which have crowned their efforts in promoting settlement, and creating vast wealth and a great civilization within the last fifteen years, have constituted another wonder of the world. I believe it is knowledge of this fact that has mainly moved, if it has not entirely led, the men who compose the present Syndicate to take up this scheme. And in the face of considerations of this kind, and the great possibilities which would naturally arise from the exercise of the commercial instincts of the Syndicate, in promoting immigration, and thereby creating wealth in our North-West, it is the wildest nonsense, and in the last degree inimical to the best interests of this country, to declaim about this land grant as a huge "Monopoly" of the pernicious sort of those private speculators who invest their money in wild lands, and then fold their arms until they become valuable by the exertions of their neighbours. It is a fact, that some of the men in Parliament, who have this cry of "Monopoly" the loudest on their tongues, are themselves steeped to the lips in land speculations.

Mr. McLennan further contended that the same kind of argument, as respected the interests of the Syndicate, must be applied to all the parts of this contract and especially the running of the road. Whoever the proprietors may be they will have the greatest interest in the prosperity of the country; and they will have this especially in their capacity of large land owners. It is said the Manitoba and St. Paul road charges very high rates. That is true; but the circumstances are not the same. And besides under the Railway Clauses Act, they will not be able to levy tolls to bring on a greater revenue than 60 per cent. on the capital invested. If it is said the Company will have too much influence to prevent this Act from being enforced, the answer is that if there were any real necessity, there would be so strong a feeling in the country that no Ministry could do otherwise.

There has been another Ministerial caucus, at which the feeling was quite in favour of the measure. But it is understood there was a modification of a detail suggested, namely, that if the Syndicate are allowed to bring in their supplies duty free, all dealers in Canada, who sell them supplies, shall have drawbacks of duty on such sales. That is at least fair. And it meets the arguments of those who opposed this provision as inconsistent with the National Policy. The Syndicate I understand would not undertake the work in the absence of this provision, as it is a part of their calculation and they could not expose themselves to the chances of an uncertainty, involving millions yearly.

Mr. Patterson moved for a correspondence on wrecking, and the debate cleared some misapprehensions. A wrecked or distressed vessel may obtain the services of United States tugs, but not before application is made to a Canadian tug, if there be one available. Mr. Bowell explained that this regulation was made in consequence of the high charges of American tugs.

There was no other business in Parliament during the week calling for special notice.

HOME MANUFACTURE.

To encourage home manufacture should be the aim of every person having the prosperity of the country at heart, and more especially so when their productions are at least equal, if not superior, to foreign production. One of the important industries of Montreal is the manufacture of sewing machines, the oldest establishment of the kind in the Province being the Lawlor Manufacturing Company, whose sewing machine factory is situated on Nazareth street. Their machines are found in all parts of the Dominion and many other countries, and are rapidly gaining favour in every household where they are introduced. It is not our intention to depreciate any sewing machine, but we consider that the Lawlor Improved Machines are so complete as to overcome all the objections found in machines generally, (these improvements are secured by letters patent) and that which has been sought after by every maker throughout the land has been attained by this Company—viz., an "even, round, bird's-eye stitch" on all kinds of goods, coarse and fine. The silence and smoothness of the motion is a positive proof that they will continue to run well for years without expense; this is clearly shown by the machines being in constant use during the past twenty years in Montreal, and are highly recommended by some of the best families and nearly all the religious institutions of the Dominion, as well as the largest manufacturing houses. This Company have ample facilities for manufacturing in large numbers, and have the latest improved machinery, much of which has been invented specially for their machines.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! The Old Year is gone!
And the young New Year is coming!
Through minutes, and days, and unknown skies,
My soul on her forward journey flies;
Over the regions of rain and snow;
And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow;
And I see the meadows, all cowslip-strewn,
And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone,
And the wild bees humming,—
And all because the New Year is coming!

The Winter is cold, the Winter is gray,
But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day;
The son of the stormy Autumn, he
Totters about on a palsied knee,
With a frozen heart and a feeble head;
Let us pierce a barrel and drink him dead!
The fresh New Year is almost here;
Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear!
Let us welcome him hither, with songs and wine,
Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine!
What is the Past, to you, or me,
But a thing that was, and was to be?
And now it is gone to a world unknown,
Its deeds are done, its flight is flown!

Hark to the Past! In a bitter tone
It crieth "The good Old Year is down,"—
The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers!
Ah! why, thou, ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rall'st thou at the deeds of our Father Time?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul away?
Hath he not wakened, with pleasant pain,
The Muse that slept in thy teeming brain?
Hath he not—ah! dost thou forget
All the amount of the mighty debt?

Hush, hush! The little I owe to Time
I'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme—
Full of phantasms, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old, Old Year;
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep Night's funeral bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale,
Like the close of a mournful tale!
In the meantime—speak, trump and drum!
The Year is gone! The Year is come!
The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
That telleth of hope and joy, my dear;
Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come, through years unknown,
But never forget the time that's flown!

BARRY CORNWALL.

HOW I BECAME MR. ASHBURTON'S FOURTH WIFE.

BY EMMA.

"I'll never marry a widower," "nor a man without money," "nor a poor country curate," "nor a homely man," "nor a real old bachelor, if he was as rich as Croesus," "nor a tailor," "nor a man with red hair."

Such were the confused ejaculations of a merry band of school-girls, whom their teacher was vainly endeavouring to summon to their studies. At length her bell was heard amid the din of voices, all talking at once, and she laughingly exclaimed, "Young ladies, matrimony need not engross your thoughts for some time to come. You will please come and attend to your lessons. Doubtless, when the time comes, you will, like many others, act entirely contrary to your present feelings."

"As she has done, I remain single," I whispered to my companion; "but I am sure," I emphatically repeated, "that I'll never—no, never, as long as I live, marry a widower." At the time I made this remark I was a laughing girl of sixteen, with jet black hair and eyes, and said to be full of life and animation.

Soon after, I left school, with a letter, signed by the mistress, to the effect that I was now fully qualified to fill any sphere of usefulness in which I might be destined. Mamma had this duly framed and gilded, and I never doubted its truth. Neither did papa's friend, old Mr. Ashburton. He had accumulated a large fortune in the East Indies, and returned to his native land to enjoy it. From my earliest recollection he had been our neighbour and visitor, generally accompanied by a Mrs. Ashburton. He lived in almost princely style. The village bells had tolled some two months since for his third wife, and rumour asserted that he was already looking for some one to supply her place. All the widows of marriageable age, and all the spinsters of every age, were on the alert; and surely the little Ashburtons were never as much caressed as when they were motherless.

No one could assert that Mr. Ashburton was the picture of grief, as he wended his way up our avenue every week. His visits were universally conceded to my father; and no one was more delighted when they were over than myself. Although I inherited too much of my father's courtesy to treat any one rudely, a sight of his portly figure and sandy wig entering our parlour inspired me with a desire to leave it. What was my amazement, then, at being summoned into my father's library one day, and having the following note placed in my hand:—

"Ashburton Villa, Tuesday, A. M.

"Dear Miss Emma:

"When Adam was made happy for life,
He was the husband of just one wife;
But my bliss has been of higher degree,
As I have already been blessed with three.
What could mortal man ask more
Than to have you for number four?
We cannot tell how the die will be cast,
Perhaps dear Emma, you will be the last.

"Respectfully yours,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I burst into an irrepressible laugh, such as school-girls only indulge in, thinking the scroll

nothing but a joke; and was much surprised on glancing at my papa, to see him looking as grave as a judge. He placed a note in my hand in which the billet-doux to myself had been enclosed, saying that Mr. Ashburton was a man of good sense, and, like an honourable gentleman, had first requested his permission to address me. The note was as follows:

"Dear Sir,—If agreeable to Miss Emma and yourself, I should like, as soon as your daughter can make it convenient, to enter once more into the matrimonial state. You know my ample means; and, if Miss Emma consents, I will, on our marriage day, endow her with twenty thousand pounds. Hoping, when next I address you, to be able to sign myself your affectionate son-in-law, I am now,

"Yours faithfully,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I could endure the scene no longer, and eluding my father's grasp, and donning my hat, ran to tell my bosom friend, Lucy, of the bliss in store for me. We were quite merry over the poetical proposal, Lucy exclaiming, "Who knows, Emma, if you don't survive, but I myself will be number five."

That night, mamma, after tea, came into the council, and dizzied by the bait held out, gave her influence in favour of Mr. Ashburton; and I, a thoughtless child, yielded to the entreaties of my parents.

It was not my father's method to neglect business, so I was despatched to my room to write my reply. I sat down to my writing-desk, chose my best paper and pen, when the idea of being anybody's fourth wife, and I only seventeen, struck me as being very absurd. I imagined how Mr. Ashburton must look divested of his wig; then pictured myself walking down the aisle of the village church, at the head of the six Ashburtons, three of them being older than myself.

"Not for twenty millions will I sign away my happiness."

And as I thought of Gerard, with his stalwart, young frame, his raven locks, and fine teeth, his kind heart, and fortune yet to make, I thought I would tell him of my dilemma.

I had just commenced, "My dear Gerard,—Something so strange and ludicrous has happened. Come up to-morrow, and I will tell you all,"—when papa tapped at the door, saying, pleasantly, "Well, Emma, my reply has been sent, and ere this Mr. Ashburton is a happy man."

"What!" I cried. "Oh! papa, what have you done?"

"Don't be excited, child," he answered; "here is the copy of my reply."

"My Dear Sir,—Yours of the 18th instant is just received. I feel highly honoured by your proposal, and my daughter will write her acceptance at once."

"Yours, very sincerely,

"EDWARD STAUNTON."

"You see, Emma, I have left all sentiment to you."

"Oh, papa!" I repeated, "what have you done?"

But tears and entreaties were of no avail. Papa's dignity could not be compromised, and I was obliged to write an acceptance, which I did in the following brief lines:—

"Dear Sir,—In obedience to my father's demands, I accede to your proposal."

"Yours, &c.,

"EMMA S."

Imagine me now presiding over Mr. Ashburton's establishment. A few short months since a thoughtless school-girl, now addressed as "mother" by six children! One day the new gardener said to me, as I was helping myself to hot-house flowers, "Miss, your pa said I must not let you children pluck those flowers."

My greatest perplexity was with my mother-in-law. They felt a natural anxiety to know something of the character of the new mother of their grandchildren, and made various efforts to judge personally. Shortly after my settlement in my new home, I had been indulging in a forlorn feeling of home-sickness; as in arranging my husband's wardrobe, I had unexpectedly found, among his treasures, three locks of hair carefully preserved. One labelled, "My sainted Ellen," No. 2, "My sainted Maria," and the third, "My departed Susan."

"How came I," I cried, "ever to marry such a Bluebeard?"

Here Jane appeared to summon me down to see my husband's mother-in-law. An image of my own dear mother arose in my mind, and I bounded down in haste to throw myself into her arms. What was my disappointment to see a total stranger surveying me through her spectacles with a penetrating gaze?

"Well!" she exclaimed, "has Aaron really made such a fool of himself as to bring a child to reside over his house? Why, he had children enough already for one roof."

To which I mentally responded, "Too many by half."

She went on, "Really, it's enough to make my daughter Ellen wish herself back in this world of trouble—"

Seeing me in tears, she checked herself, and said, "Well, dear! What's done cannot be undone, and we must make the best of it; but I came on purpose to advise you. I have reared ten children, all except nine, who are dead; and you cannot begin training them too young. Have my boxes and trunks taken up to Ellen's room—she will be glad to see her grandmamma."

Human nature could endure no more, and I was about retreating from the room, on the plea of obeying her orders, when I ran into the extended arms of another mother-in-law, who had just arrived.

This one was a complacent-looking old lady, fat, and good-natured, and informed me at once that "She was the mother of the sainted Maria, and had come purposely to see how she liked me for a grandmother to her little pet."

I introduced the old ladies, and left them to have their rooms prepared, and their grandchildren put in presentable order. On my return, I found them in about as amicable a position as a cat and a dog would have been, if shut up in the same room. Each one was asserting that all the good looks and intelligence belonged to her side of the house. The question had not the slightest interest for me, and all participation in the argument was prevented by the entrance of my husband, with an open letter in his hand. After greeting our guests, he informed me that he had just received a letter from his third mother-in-law, saying that she would arrive by the evening train, as she deemed it her duty to give his young wife the benefit of her experience of bringing up children.

No pen can describe the confused state of our mansion during the invasion of these mothers-in-law. They only agreed on one subject, and, unfortunately, that was myself. They thought I was too young; that I did not preside with dignity; that I was not fond of children, and much too fond of dress, &c., &c. Advice was showered upon me from morning until night. At the table, the six children, three grandmothers, and husband, engaged in reminiscences of my predecessors. Each mother insisting that her daughter's portrait should remain in the room she had formerly occupied—I, when seated alone in it, felt as if it was haunted. I steadily refused all entreaties from my husband that my portrait should be added to the number.

I thought that my patience would be entirely exhausted before the old ladies took their departure. The likes and dislikes of their daughters had been rehearsed and re-rehearsed, to me, their wishes in regard to their children frequently repeated; until one day I retired to my own room, intending to lock the door for a season of brief quiet. But the mothers-in-law were not so easily evaded. One was at my side with her knitting-work and snuff-box, prepared for a social chat. She said it was natural that I should like to hear my husband's former history, and commenced recounting the three weddings, and three death-bed scenes, and the funerals; ending with an intimation that my husband had had the three deceased ladies buried together in a semicircle, leaving places for two graves more.

"So, dear," she affectionately remarked, "you may console yourself by thinking that you are the last wife he expects to have. The tablet will be placed in the centre when he dies, with the appropriate inscription 'Our husband.'"

The climax had now been reached. I had endured the trial of being the fourth wife and the fourth mother to the children, and almost lost my identity—but this partnership in death I could not tolerate. When the old lady, glancing at my wedding ring, pronounced it to be the very one worn by her daughter, I angrily drew it from my finger, and threw it from me, giving way to such an indignant outbreak, that the old lady jerked her cap on one side, dropped a stitch in her stocking, let her snuff-box roll on the floor, and by her screams brought all the grandmothers into my apartment. Such a hubbub! Each one was trying to praise her own descendants to the detriment of the rest. I endeavoured to rise and reach my own room, and the effort effectually aroused me. When I opened my eyes, a laughing eye was glancing into my face, and a loving arm around me, and I was greeted with the exclamation, "Why, Emma, darling, what have you been dreaming about this bright sunny day? Why are you so much excited?"

Quite bewildered, I exclaimed, "Why Gerard, where are all the old ladies? And the portraits? And the children?"

"What old ladies, and what portraits, and children?" he responded. "I found you in dreamland in your own favourite arbour, where your mother bade me seek you."

When I had laughingly rehearsed my dream, Gerard joined in my merriment, and said, "If I meet the happy Mr. Ashburton, I shall certainly challenge him."

But immediately his voice assumed a softer tone, and his eye a more gentle expression. What he said was intended solely for my ear, however. But he could not have taken a more favourable opportunity to urge his suit; and so I became Gerard's first wife instead of Mr. Ashburton's fourth.

A GOOD 'UN.

"Scotland and Scotchmen have been the butts of many a joke and the objects of not a few good-natured sarcasms. A bon mot of a most fascinating and wealthy lady of French-Canadian origin—now however the wife of an Englishman—is worthy of being placed on record. Around the table after dinner the conversation turned upon Saints and the host—a genial Scotch-Canadian—with pardonable pride was contending that St. Andrew excelled the patrons of England and Ireland in true saintly qualities, when the lady referred to quaintly observed, "Well, if Andrew managed to be a Saint in Scotland his place to eminence deserves to be recognized."

VARIETIES.

NOVEL USE OF THE MISTLETOE.—To English folks the mistletoe is mostly regarded as a plant according special privileges at Christmas-tide; but our friends in Germany seem to make a wider, if not a better, use of it, for an Alsace-Lorraine paper states that for more than thirty years past it has been the custom in Offenbach to collect all the mistletoe for miles around every winter for cattle-feeding purposes. Morning and evening a small bundle of it is given to the milch cows, which devour it greedily. It is said to increase the quantity and improve the quality of their milk, and to impart a rich yellow colour to the butter made from their cream. Mistletoe growing on apple-trees is held to acid and unsuitable for cows, but is given with advantage to sheep and goats.

A FRENCH FETE.—There is a curious survival of ancient customs in the capital of the Ariège, France, the local *fête* which takes place in the month of October preserving many of the features which characterized it during the Middle Ages. The whole of the town takes part in it, and dancing in the open air begins at one in the afternoon, and, with an interval of a couple of hours for dinner, lasts till day-break the next morning. The spicuous promenade of the town is transformed into a ball-room and magnificently illuminated, and upon the eminence above it is a military band. The dancers are divided into three separate groups—to the right the gristlers, in the centre the peasants, and to the left the ladies—the characteristic part of the *fête* being that all classes of the community are expected to take part in it. Occasionally a thunderstorm bursts over the town; but, unless the rain is heavy, the dancing is not interrupted; and it is amusing to see a quadrille or a waltz being gone through under the protection of a forest of umbrellas.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CARDIGAN.—The late Earl of Cardigan, the same gallant nobleman who led the mad and ever-memorable charge at Balaclava, was once riding in all the splendour of his uniform as Colonel of the 10th Hussars in the streets of Brighton, where his regiment was then quartered. As his lordship was turning the corner of a street leading to the Steine, the stalwart driver of a great waggon was ordered to move a little on one side, as the street was narrow. The big-boned driver responded with a grin, and, scooping up a handful of dirt, threw it at the horseman, bespitting his brilliant gold bullion, laces, tags, frogs, and filigree, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. Whereupon Earl Cardigan instantly dismounted, gave his bridle, with his sword and sabretache, into the hands of a bystander, and there and then, with the Englishman's national weapons, gave the big waggoner the very best thrashing he ever had in his life, leaving him with eyes, mouth, and crimson-streaming nose in the worst possible condition for his photograph, amidst the shouts of laughter and applause of the assembled crowd. Quickly making his way to his horse, his lordship mounted and rode off.

THE FIRST CASTING.—Cast-iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass-foundry at Bristol, conceived, says *Hardware*, the idea that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favour of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd-boy, John Thomas, had, some little time previous to this, been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distasteful relative. Whilst looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workmen, he said to Abraham Darby that he thought he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect moulds. The hours passed on and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful; and from 1700 to 1823 the family of Thomas were confidential and much-valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hundred years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mould of fine sand contained in frames and with air-holes the same process was practised and kept secret at Colebrook Dale with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

GREAT MERIT.

All the fairs give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards for we know they deserve it. They are now on exhibition at the State Fairs, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

FIRST CLASS TAILORING.—A fine assortment of English, Scotch and French tweeds on hand, and made up to order on the premises, under my own personal supervision, at very reasonable rates, at L. Robinson's, Beaver Hall Terrace.



A CATHOLIC MOUNTAIN GIRL OF KRAIA. A CATHOLIC MOUNTAIN GIRL OF PULTI. AN ALBANIAN OF THE GREEK CHURCH. A MOHAMMEDAN ALBANIAN.

A YOUNG GIRL FROM SCUTARI. MUSSULMAN WOMAN. A CATHOLIC MOUNTAIN GIRL OF SCIETICI. A SCUTARI WOMAN.

ALBANIAN TYPES.



RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night,
The year is dying in the night.
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go.
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more.
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress of all mankind.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times.
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
And ring the fuller minstrel in,
And ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife—
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws;
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go.
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring out the old, ring in the new.

AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

MONEY!

In the school-room of Bridgenorth House, in Midlandshire, about half-past nine o'clock one December evening, the wearied governess of the family sat down with a heavy sigh, feeling that day, at least, her duties were over.

As a pretty girl, but this night she had that unmistakable look which worry and anxiety will give even to the fairest features.

Many painful thoughts were indeed crowding on her mind as she sat there in the dimly-lighted school-room. But her most pressing anxiety at that moment was that she wanted money.

She presently drew a letter from the pocket of her dress, which she had received during the day. A tradesman's bill! In this letter she was informed that unless her over-due account was paid before the commencement of the Christmas holidays, that the tradesman would be compelled to resort to the painful necessity of informing her employers, and asking them to pay the amount out of her salary.

"Ah! If he knew," she thought, "that I have nothing to receive! That I have been already compelled to ask Mrs. Glynford to advance my salary, and all the cruel things that she said to me when I did so. And now I have nothing left—nothing more than what will barely pay my train fare to Seaton. Oh! what shall I do? Shall I go and see this man—Mr. Bingley? Shall I tell him the truth—how I have been compelled to send all my money home to save poor mother from absolute starvation? But to tell him this—to degrade myself—how can I—how can I?" And the poor girl rocked herself to and fro, in her miserable anxiety and doubt.

Then she took another letter from the pocket of her dress—a letter from her mother.

Alas! in this disorderly scrawl there were no fond hopes, no tender advice, no loving counsel to her absent girl, such as most affectionate mothers write. It was only the old story over again that the governess read in the dim school-room, to deepen her troubles: only the old complaint! Want of money! This was the craving cry which this young girl constantly received from home.

"We were almost entirely without means," wrote her mother, "and your small enclosure, dear Sissy, came just in time. It paid the county court summons, and the butcher has agreed to give me a little more credit. But my dear child, why do you not exert yourself to end this miserable state of affairs? You are very pretty, surely you could get married, and not allow your poor mother to be degraded as she is now? And my health is so wretched too, and I am forced to take so much support. Altogether, I feel so very low, but I hope to hear on your return that you have some prospect before you; that some rich old man—anything is better than poverty—has taken a fancy to you."

The rest of the letter was in the same strain—a selfish, degrading letter, which made its owner's fair cheeks burn and blush for shame.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she thought; "if you would but conquer this fatal weakness—if you would only not drink everything away—how happy we might be! But it's always the same thing—always the same old, miserable story; and now its weight has fallen upon me!"

She rose restlessly as she made these last bitter reflections. She had, indeed, no longer time to sit still. To-morrow the holidays began, and she was going to her miserable home for a month; she had, therefore, many arrangements to make before she went to bed. Her packing was to begin, and the sooner she commenced it now the better.

But it was a weary task! The loved word home, for her, had no music in its sound. She knew too well what it meant. Her mother's bloated countenance; her young sister, peevish and deformed! These were the images that this word conjured up for her. But, all the same, she must prepare to go. So, slowly and wearily, she went up to the attic, where all the trunks were kept in Bridgenorth House. Mrs. Glynford would not allow one to remain in any of the bedrooms.

"Unpack your things," she had said to the governess, on her first arrival, "and then take your boxes to the trunk-room. I can allow no shabby old boxes standing about my rooms!"

Poor Miss Keane, the governess, had shabby old boxes, and blushed with all a young girl's sensitiveness about trifles when Mrs. Glynford made her ungracious remark.

"They are, indeed, shabby," she thought, looking at the two worn black trunks, which had first come into use on her mother's wedding-day, twenty-three years ago.

So, during the next three months, whenever she went into Farnham, in the suburbs of which town her employers lived, she always looked into the trunk-shop windows, to see if there was anything likely to suit her narrow purse.

But no. Two pounds, three pounds, even four pounds, would be an impossible sum for her to give out of her expected quarterly payment from Mrs. Glynford, as her whole salary was only forty pounds a year, and Mrs. Glynford expected that she would dress well, and appear in evening costume, when she went with her pupils into the drawing-room.

Thus, with a sigh, she would turn away from the trunk-shop, and had almost given up the idea of buying one at all, when, passing a broker's shop one day, amid the strange miscellany it contained, she saw a leather portmanteau, ticketed eighteen shillings.

Mrs. Glynford had unfortunately given her her salary that morning, and she yielded to the temptation of having a respectable travelling case in her possession. Yet the day did not pass without her regretting her purchase; for the night's post brought a letter from her mother, asking for the loan of ten pounds. She had received ten from Mrs. Glynford, but two were already gone. She had bought a few little necessities and her portmanteau!

She sent her mother the eight pounds she had in her possession, and thus left herself penniless.

During the next quarter of the year, a child's dance was given at Bridgenorth House, and Mrs. Glynford said to her governess that she hoped she had bought herself, or would buy herself, a new dress for the occasion.

Alas! the poor girl had not now the means of doing so. But after some consideration she determined to order one at the shop in Farnham where the family dealt, and where she had bought a few trifles which she had already purchased in the town.

This shop must be specially described. It belonged to a Mr. Bingley, and—though Mrs. Glynford hoped that no one knew, or, at least, remembered the fact—Mr. Bingley was Mrs. Glynford's own brother.

But a considerable social step lay between them. Mrs. Glynford had been a pretty girl, and had married Mr. Glynford, a widower and a coal-owner. He was fairly well-to-do when she married him, and moved in a circle above the Bingleys, who were drapers in a large way in the town.

But scarcely was she married when the now passed away wonderfully prosperous days of coal-owners began. Mr. Glynford became suddenly rich, and Mrs. Glynford rose to the occasion.

She had always been a little, vulgar, poor woman; and now grew unbearably so.

"Her head is turned," her brother, the draper, said to his wife; and when Mr. Glynford bought Bridgenorth House, Mrs. Glynford no longer countenanced her own family. Yet she still dealt at the shop. She, indeed, did this at her husband's command, who was a highly respectable man, and not ashamed to own his relations.

But Mrs. Glynford was. That shop in Front street, Farnham, was unpleasant to her sight. She went there in early morning, and rarely were her carriage horses to be seen standing before her brother's door.

She visited in "a different set," she said, and this was actually true. But one day, when a certain grim visitor, who calls on all sets alike, appeared in the house above the shop in Front street, and carried off her brother's wife as his prey, Mrs. Glynford did condescend to pay a visit of condolence.

But the widower's wrath was hot upon the occasion, and he told Mrs. Glynford that he did not want her company now, when she had never been civil to "poor Sarah" for the last eight or nine years. The brother and sister, in fact, had a serious quarrel, and Mrs. Glynford retired to her carriage very red, and shedding a few tears.

"To think," she said to her husband, on her return home, "after I had made such a sacrifice—actually driven there in the daytime, though I knew those spiteful Hollans will tell it all over the town, and of course recall our unfortunate relationship! And, after I had done this—faced the cruel remarks of the world, as it were—he insulted me!"

And once more Mrs. Glynford began to cry. But her husband, who was a sensible man, gave her no encouragement.

"Well," he said, "Bingley's your relation, and not mine; and, moreover, he's a fellow I don't particularly like; but, for all that, I think he served you right."

"Served me right!" repeated Mrs. Glynford, "What do you mean, William?"

"Simply, my dear, that as you have chosen virtually to cut your brother and his wife for the last few years, you could not expect him to feel very grateful to you for paying her a visit when she was no longer able to appreciate the compliment."

Mrs. Glynford was very angry, but ordered her own and her servants' mourning at her brother's shop; partly, because there was no

other good draper's in the town, and partly because Mr. Glynford requested her to do this.

"Don't be foolish," he said. "If you want people not to talk, try to stop your brother's tongue by a good order. Put money into a man's pocket, my dear, if you want to stand well with him!"

Mrs. Glynford accordingly took her husband's advice, and the handsome order which she gave at his establishment no doubt served to soothe her brother's wounded feelings. But he did not really forgive her. He took off his hat to her with a satirical bow when she came into his shop, or when he met her carriage in the streets, but he never spoke to her. He kept out of her way, but all the same he knew pretty well how things went on at Bridgenorth house.

Thus he knew the governess both by sight and name. He therefore made no objection to Miss Keane's order, when she gave one, and a pretty, well-made dress was sent from the shop in Front street in time for the child's ball at Bridgenorth House.

But it cost more than Miss Keane had intended to pay. Altogether, the bill came to eleven pounds, and this bill the poor governess was now unable to meet.

She had, in fact, been compelled to ask Mrs. Glynford to give her her next quarter's salary in advance, for her mother's circumstances were, by her own account, now almost desperate.

"We are starving," the mother had written, and what could the daughter do? She did what she could; she begged Mrs. Glynford to pay her salary in advance, and Mrs. Glynford had said some very rude and unkind things on the occasion.

"And there is another thing I wish to impress upon you, Miss Keane," said Mrs. Glynford during this interview. "Be sure you never have anything on credit at Bingley's shop. Always pay for what you get at the time."

When Miss Keane heard these words, she knew that she owed Bingley's shop eleven pounds. The bill had been sent in already twice, and the poor governess had intended to settle it when she received her money before the Christmas holidays. But now she was forced to send this money away before it was due.

She was still undecided what to do about this bill—whether to see Mr. Bingley, or to write asking him to wait—when she went up to the attic to bring down her boxes to pack, and her new portmanteau.

She sighed regretfully when she looked at the last-named possession. If she had not foolishly bought this portmanteau, she was thinking, she might now have had a little more money left.

But now there was no help for this, so she carried her portmanteau down to her bedroom. It was a convenient packing-case, after all. It held her limited wardrobe, in fact, except her dresses, and these she placed in the despised black boxes.

The pockets of the portmanteau, indeed, seemed endless. There were pockets and inner pockets, and carefully examining these, she perceived a small slit in the striped lining of one pocket. She got out her needle to mend this, and in turning the lining back better to perform the task she pulled out with it a small flat parcel, which had been pushed up through the slit between the lining and the leather.

Naturally she opened this parcel, and gave a half-cry as she did so. A wonderful, and, for a moment, she thought, a welcome sight met her gaze. Five fresh five pound bank-notes were enclosed in the little flat parcel that she had found, and now she knelt with these five notes in her hand by the side of her portmanteau.

She looked at them one after the other; stared at them, examined them carefully; and was convinced that they were genuine notes.

Then another question presented itself to her mind. What should she do with them?

She had no right to them—at least, she supposed so. True, she had bought the portmanteau, and they must have been in it when she had purchased it. But did that make them hers?

She knelt there still, thinking. They must have belonged to some one; but that some one might now be dead. Some poor sailor, perhaps, and his portmanteau had been cast on shore, and sold by the person who picked it up to the broker from whom she had bought it. Thus she speculated. If this were the case, whose were they? Not Mrs. Glynford's, at least, for she had nothing whatever to do with them; yet if she were to tell Mrs. Glynford, (so Miss Keane decided) she was sure that the mistress of the house would claim them for her own.

Twenty-five pounds! only a small sum to a rich woman, but a large one to the poor care-burdened governess.

"I wonder if I might borrow them?" at last she thought.

This sum would pay Bingley's bill; would leave her money to take home—money to help the miserable mother, the poor invalid sister. The temptation grew stronger. They belonged to no one now, at least, she mentally argued.

She was wronging no one, so she rose from her knees, and having brought her purse, placed the five notes within it.

CHAPTER II.

AT BINGLEY'S.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Miss Keane, the governess, left Bridgenorth House to pay her bill at Bingley's shop.

It was an imposing shop. Bingley was indeed rich, as well as his sister; but he made no parade of his money, he used to say, with a

sneer, when speaking to his neighbours of his fine relations.

A good many people were in the shop when Miss Keane entered it. Mr. Bingley never served behind the counter. He walked out of his private office sometimes, and spoke to his friends and acquaintances when they came in; but he never sold anything. He was talking to some ladies in the middle of the shop when Miss Keane entered, and the widower's look fell admiringly on the pretty governess from Bridgenorth House.

Miss Keane felt very nervous. Her notes were in her purse, and the bill was in her hand which she had called to pay; but she felt unhappy—almost guilty.

But if they were not hers, they were no one else's, she whispered to her sinking heart, and proceeded to produce her bill to one of the shopmen, and then laid down three of the five-pound notes which she had found.

The shopman of course took them up, without surprise or comment. He also, perhaps, knew the pretty governess from Bridgenorth House by sight; but if he thought of it all, he must naturally have supposed that Miss Keane had just received her salary, and was therefore sure to have notes in her possession.

The bill she had called to pay was eleven pounds, and the shopman lifted up the three notes and the bill, and took them to Mr. Bingley's private office—for Mr. Bingley looked after the monetary affairs of his establishment himself.

Mr. Bingley (who had scarcely ceased to look at his sister's governess since she had entered the shop) saw her give her bill and the notes to the man, and as the shopman went into the private office to get the change and a receipt, Mr. Bingley followed him.

The man at once presented him with the notes and the account. Mr. Bingley first receipted and stamped the account, and then glanced carelessly at the notes. But no sooner had he observed the number on one of them than he started, and eagerly examined the two others.

Then he opened his desk, and took out a paper. He scanned this, and then again examined the notes, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed over his not very pleasant countenance as he did so.

He was a somewhat coarse, self-indulgent-looking man, this Bingley, with thick lips, a reddish complexion, and reddish-gray hair. His eyes, however, rather contradicted the expression of his mouth. They were sharp, and shrewd—hard, even cold. "You can't cheat me," they seemed to say; but his other features told a different tale.

While he was looking at the notes, his shopman was looking at him. And, by the expression of the shopman, you saw no love was lost between them. Bingley was unpopular. He paid his way honestly enough; but there are two ways even of paying one's way. One is pleasant, and the other disagreeable, and Bingley chose the disagreeable way.

"Johnson," he said, looking up sharply, "ask that young lady—Miss Keane—who has just paid this money in to step this way for a few minutes. I want a word with her."

"Very well, sir," replied Johnson; and he walked out of the office to obey his employer's commands.

He felt sorry for the pretty girl from Bridgenorth House when he gave her Mr. Bingley's message.

Miss Keane started, turned pale, and then suddenly red.

"Is there anything wrong?" she said. "Why does Mr. Bingley wish to speak to me?"

"I cannot tell you, miss," said Johnson. "Whether he saw anything wrong about the notes or not—but I don't know. But you had better speak to him."

Making a violent effort to control herself, Miss Keane then followed Johnson to Mr. Bingley's private office.

Mr. Bingley was standing with his back to the large fire burning in the grate, as they went in, and he moved forward a step, and placed a chair for the governess.

"Good morning," he said; "cold morning, but seasonable. Take a chair. Johnson, go out, and shut the door."

Johnson went out, and shut the door after him, and then Mr. Bingley's manner changed.

He put on a familiar air, and with something between a leer and a sneer, he laid the three five-pound notes which Miss Keane had given the shopman on the desk before him.

"Now, young lady," he said, "I am going to ask you a question. Where did you get these notes?"

Miss Keane flushed scarlet, but to a certain extent she retained her composure.

"Why do you ask, Mr. Bingley?" she said.

"I have a reason for asking," replied Mr. Bingley. "I am not sure, but I fancy I have seen these notes before."

"But—if you are not sure?" faltered Miss Keane.

"No, not sure," said Bingley, looking hard at the girl, "but still I think so. However, you wish to pay your account with these notes—wherever you got them?"

"I—I—came to pay my account," answered Miss Keane, very nervously.

"Very well; here is your receipt, and here is your change. But, remember, I take these notes under protest. And another thing, young lady, I shall require your address when you are absent from Farnham! You are my sister's governess, are you not?"

"Yes," said Miss Keane, tremblingly.
 "And your address when absent, is—your home address, I mean, is—"
 "I do not see what right you have to ask such a question, sir!" interrupted Miss Keane.
 "Yet I have a right, for all that! You see," added Bingley, with a curious smile, "what it is to be pretty! What would you say, young lady, if, instead of taking your notes, I had sent for a policeman?"

The poor governess turned sick and faint at these words.

"If," she faltered—"if—you do not wish to take these notes—if you think there is anything wrong about them—I will take them back, and pay your account with some other money, on my return, after the holidays, to Mrs. Glynford's. I—I can't pay it just now," continued Miss Keane, looking up appealingly, "for—for I have sent nearly all my salary home; but if you will wait, I will take these notes back."

"No," answered Mr. Bingley, with a little laugh; "I have got them, and I'll keep them. How long will you be away?"

"A month," said Miss Keane.

(To be continued.)

THE BLIND WIFE.

BY CUTHBERT ROBINSON.

Very beautiful looked Helen Arden, with her auburn hair, her blue eyes, and her clear complexion, on the day when Edward Maine led her to the altar; and all circumstances seemed to promise that the alliance would prove a happy one. After the honeymoon, the young couple settled themselves in a charming suburban villa, whence Edward proceeded every morning to the city where he possessed a prosperous mercantile business. Thus the married pair for awhile saw nothing in their tide of life save what reflected the sunny looks of their own hopeful faces; but it was not long before the stream was found to glide under deepening shadows.

Immersed in business as her husband was, the young wife, naturally sensitive, grew suspicious of neglect, and was made the more so by mischief-lovers who envied a lot they could not share, and fomented discord by urging her to retaliate, provoke him, and ultimately to rule him.

It was toward the end of the first year of their marriage when Edward Maine began to observe a marked alteration in the conduct of his wife. In the place of her former smiles, free conversation, amiability, and attentiveness, he now beheld the grim substitute of sulks, taciturnity, sneers, and neglect. She had been schooled in this line of behaviour and had learned the lesson from false friends but too well. Her mind was impressible, unsophisticated, weak; her imagination poisoned by causeless jealousies; and though ashamed to avow them to him, she was none the less vindictive, aggravating, and persistent in her mode of retaliation.

Finding that nothing he could do seemed to please, and nothing that he said could enforce an explanation of her waywardness, long borne in patient sadness, he bitterly remonstrated; and his reproaches were met with tears of anger and charges of tyranny; and the self-tormented woman sought relief—miserable resort—in extravagant complaints, nearly as false as the friends who encouraged and reported them.

Calumnies, increased by circulation, reached his ears; and amazed at the source from which they emanated, Edward Maine became embittered towards his wife. Domestic unhappiness in time disheartened him so that his business became neglected, his energies relaxed, his ambition drooped with his love and peace, and at the end of the second year his affairs became so involved, and himself so unfitted to redeem them, that he failed, saving but a small proportion from the wreck.

Her surprise at the tidings was as unfeigned as her grief, and her grief too late to cause her entreaties to be availing, when he told her he was a ruined man and had resolved to part from her.

"You surely cannot mean it!"

"As surely as by your long-continued course of conduct, Helen, you have broken my spirit and driven from my control the business which was our support. Heaven is my witness how I loved you once, and how long I strove, in spite of your scorn and countless aggravations, to persuade you out of such mad perversity. You listened, but heeded not. I explained to you my cares, how my time was occupied, my brain perplexed, though none the less thoughtful of your welfare than if less ambitious to build up a fortune, for a time when the necessity of such toil would be over, and I could devote more time to you. I have explained all this to you, not once, but a hundred times; and I pleaded and warned you often, to the verge of childishness. It did no good—excited your contempt, rather; and when, weary of it, I rebuked you, and, stung at home, found that I was also maligned abroad, I learned to feel, as I feel now, that I had nothing to live, or at least to strive for. Our natures are ill-mated. If we could not agree in prosperity, what hope of it in adversity? No, Helen, we can never more live happily together. I shall leave at your disposal nearly everything that remains to me; but henceforth, our lives will be as separate as before the day I first saw you."

Both love and remorse made her eloquent in her entreaties that he would change his mind;

but Edward Maine revolved all that he had suffered, and all that he had lost, and while despair made him vindictive, his incredulity made him resolute. He considered her tears and promises but artifice, or, if sincere, that the sincerity would not last; and dreading a repetition of the old humiliating scenes of quiet aggravation, he put his will into execution, and left her, without making his destination known to her.

"He never loved me!" was the paralyzing thought of Mrs. Maine, "or he would not so cruelly have deserted me."

"She never loved me, or she would not have driven me to this extremity," was the settled conviction of Edward, as, flying from the scene of his public and private affliction, where all had been so promising and pleasant, he sought and found a solitary refuge in a distant town. Conscious of his present unfitness for the affairs of life, he resolved to dwell there alone, under an assumed name, awaiting what healing balm Time might bring upon his wings.

For a few weeks the deserted wife lingered in the deserted house. She had hopes that he would repent and return, for she judged of his wretchedness by her own, and keenly remembered how affectionate he once was. Now she had leisure, too much of it, to reflect upon her folly in listening to the insidious advice of those who had first taught her to doubt and treat him ill. She had never before realized the effect of her conduct upon him, and was amazed, as she scanned it over, that she could have so persisted, and still felt secure.

"Blind fool that I am! mad, not to have foreseen some such dreadful end as this. It is but a just result, perhaps, of the malicious triumphs I enjoyed when putting him in pain; but others told me I was right. Yet where are they now, and what substitute do they give me for the love and protection I have lost through their means? A hollow pretence of sympathy, merely, from some, and not even that from others! What can I determine upon? I cannot go back, like an outcast, to my relatives. That would make the disgrace more public, and rumour would be busy with my name. But can I stay here alone? Oh, how lonely! Will he come? Something tells me, 'No, never.' Who would have predicted this on the day of our marriage? Misery is our portion, and my wilfulness is the cause. I can endure it no longer. I must find where he is, and go to him."

Willing to bear the humiliation rather than continued despair, she made the endeavour: fruitless, for a time, till she remembered a gentleman, long an intimate friend of her husband, and called upon him. He gave no hope; but he told her whither Edward had gone.

"He has written to me," he said, "and laments this melancholy termination of his married life; but I am convinced he means it to be final, and that your visit to him would be of no use. I believe he has lost all confidence—all hope of living happily with you."

With aching heart and bewildered brain, she retraced her steps; and on arriving home—home! where he was not—fell prostrate in the hall. The housemaid lifted her up, and bore her to bed, where she raved so wildly, that a physician was called in. But her malady was not one which admitted of a speedy cure. Long and intense suffering, young and unused to fortune as she was, she became dangerously sick with brain fever, and when it was abated, it was followed by a disease of the eyes, producing almost total blindness.

The town, to which Edward had removed, was a small one, and, adhering to the privacy he had sought, as a solace to his misfortunes, his presence was almost entirely unknown to the inhabitants. In the habit of taking long and solitary walks, his mind, for awhile, found some repose; but the novelty was soon dulled, and he felt that the stir of the noisy world which he had left would have given him more quietude than the quiet of the haunts of Nature he frequented. In gloomy, uninterrupted self-communion he had some doubt if he acted rightly, and felt that he could forget the past, had he any hope of security from like injuries in the future. That hope he could not entertain.

Four months had passed since the separation, and one morning, while sauntering along a by-road, as he was wont, he saw, a little in advance of him, a lady clad in mourning, whose slow and feeble gait seemed to indicate feeble health, and whom, as they drew near, he recognized to be his wife.

Too late to turn aside, he kept on his course, and looking intently in her pale, worn face, passed her, but with no sign of recognition from her. This caused him to wonder still more.

Her eyes had been seemingly bent upon him with a scornful stare. But he had seen no look of emotion at this unexpected meeting. Was this the result of studied coldness? or was it possible that she was so absorbed in thought as not to have recognized him? This, too, might be a pretence to further some secret purpose. Why was she in this town? Who had directed, who had come with her, and where was she living? He gazed after her. Her steps tottered like those of some very aged person. Remorse, sickness, or other trouble, perhaps. His heart throbbed with a momentary sympathy, but he checked it. This was her work. He had not sought it. Far from it. And perhaps even now she was plotting against him.

He turned, and followed at a distance. Finally she entered an hotel which he had visited a few times, under his assumed name of Alberton. Within the hour he had learned from the land-

lord that the lady in question was in search of a person named Maine, her husband, who she was positive lived in the town, and for whom she had been for several days making frantic inquiries, walking from house to house till she was exhausted, and then returning to the hotel, where in her room she was heard to sob and moan.

"It is a hard case—some domestic trouble. I know not what," said the landlord; "and what makes it particularly sad is, that she has but just recovered from a severe sickness, which has left her nearly blind."

"Blind! Good heavens!" exclaimed Edward. "And does she pursue this painful search, among strangers, in that condition?"

"Yes. The poor lady's eyes look well enough, except the vague stare they have; but she can recognize no face distinctly, her sight being barely sufficient to enable her to find her way slowly. She must have loved her husband. Which side the wrong is, is none of my business. Few ever know in these cases but the parties themselves. I can only see that she seems nearly distracted, and it may be that the disease which affected her eyes has injured the brain also."

"Blind!" repeated Edward to himself as he returned to his obscure retreat, uncertain how to act. "This may be a mere deception. She has shown a disregard for truth before this. Blind! Blind enough she was before our separation. But let me not be blind. Her sight may be little affected. Her strength restored, she will see as well as ever. And yet, perhaps, I am too harsh. If so, the sorrow she caused has hardened me. But her sickness. What caused it? Grief? Remorse? Hopelessness? All this may be, and heaven prevent me from cruelty and an unpardonable spirit. I will watch and decide hereafter."

With this design, for a few days he awaited the time of her issuing forth, and became at last convinced that the story of her blind search was true. He saw her call at various dwellings, and leave apparently disappointed, sometimes in tears, and followed by looks and words of sympathy from those to whom she had evidently told something of her affliction.

Wishing to be informed still further, when she was returning from one of those errands he approached and accosted her, in a feigned voice, apologizing for the offer of his arm, as she seemed exhausted. She did not know him, and accepted it; but faint as she was, true to the leading object in her mind, she made inquiries of him, stating that as yet she had met with nothing but meagre hopes, speedily disappointed. By degrees she related the cause of her sickness and loss of sight, stating that after her partial recovery she had resolved, against the counsel of her friends, to make a final effort to see and be reconciled with her husband; and she had come hither, still hoping against renewed despair each day; though now she feared that a relapse and death would be the end of all her fruitless efforts.

While yet she was speaking, her hold upon his arm slackened, her limbs bent beneath her, and she sank heavily upon the ground. He thought her dying; and lifting her in his arms, bore her hastily to the hotel, where medical attendance was summoned for her at once.

Life still remained, but it was the life of raving madness. The relapse she had feared had come upon her, and little hope was now entertained that she could recover. Awhile she raved of her husband, deceitful counsellors, blindness, solitude and remorse with the feverish energy of a distraught mind; but it was thought that, when this unnatural fit of mental vitality had spent itself, like a tempest, the worn-out body would sink suddenly into the calm of death.

But heaven ordered otherwise. Skill, care, the sleepless vigilance of her husband, who had now made himself known to those around her bedside, resulted in favour of the patient; and, to the joy of Edward, with the breaking of the fever, came her full restoration to sight again. Even before that blessed sense returned, mysteriously as it had departed, a sense—still more prized by her—the sense of his presence and affectionate solicitude, had dawned upon her by degrees, and hastened her recovery; and now, the mortal danger passed, a complete reconciliation took place, in the sacred shade and silence of the sick chamber.

"I have passed through a frightful ordeal," she said; "but I bless heaven for all, since it must prove a warning light in the future against the evils of childish suspicions and perversity, and the counsels of the treacherous."

"So may it prove, as I believe it will," replied he; "and, in this assurance, Helen, I, too, can thank heaven for an affliction which secures us the hope of many years of happier days than ever."

And it was then that, with renewed confidence at home, Edward Maine recovered all his energy and address which had made him prosperous once, and increased his success in the new era of his life.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THERE is a talk of transferring Mr. Arthur Sullivan's chef-d'œuvre, "H. M. S. Pinafore," to the Parisian boards. We do not know if it be proposed to produce a French version of the work; or the original English rendering. The latter would probably prove the most successful, as it would be so funny not to understand what was going on.

FOR STYLISH and well-finished Gentlemen's Clothing, made after the London and American fashions, go to L. Robinson, the practical London tailor, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

A TOI.

(Translated from the French of Victor Hugo.)

My songs I consecrate to thee alone,
 To thee the bridal hymn, the psalm of love;
 No name but thine can make my rapture's tone,
 To thee all currents of my being move.

Through the lone night thy starlike glances shine.
 My very dreams thine image glorifies;
 In gloomiest shade thy hand is clasped in mine,
 And rays of heav'n illumine me from thine eyes.

My lot is shielded by thy fervent prayer,
 That watches when my Guardian Angel sleeps;
 By thee my manhood, rescued from despair,
 Into life's battle-field exultant leaps.

Home to the skies sweet voices summon thee;
 Can'st thou, fair blossom, to our earth belong?
 Sister of Seraphs! thou dost seem to me
 To match their glory, and to chant their song.

And when thy dark eyes tell their tender tale,
 And thy white robe is rustling by my side,
 I seem to touch the temple's hallowed veil—
 I cry, "An Angel through the dark doth glide."

When to dispel my sorrow thou wast sent,
 I knew we two in unity must dwell—
 So felt the Patriarch, when, with travel spent,
 He watched the Virgin coming to the well.

I love thee so, that oftentimes I sigh
 Because this world is full of bitter woe;
 On life's hot sands no oasis is nigh,
 The tree to shelter us, elsewhere doth grow.

God! in thy mercy, grant her peace and joy,
 Vex not her days, Almighty! They are thine.
 She seeks for happiness without alloy
 In its calm home, at Virtue's saintly shrine.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

In the window of a fashionable fruit and vegetable shop—one of those wonderful windows where gastronomic treasures are heaped in indescribable profusion—was this week to be seen a bundle of asparagus, priced three hundred francs.

A COSTUME for the Bois, called *Around the Lake*, in moss-coloured India cashmere, framed in garlands of leaves embroidered in all the autumnal shades. An *aumonière* embroidered in like manner edged with Canada beaver fur. A felt Charbonnière hat, moss colour, with an immense owl. Boots in dark-green leather with silver buttons and heels. Another around-the-lake toilet in *frightened-mouse* colour, with an embroidery of old silver. A lace collar, pelerine shape, embroidered in old silver. Trimmings of the tunic and the skirt, large grey cords, frightened-mouse colour and silver. A silver grey hat, bolero shape, with a large dove covering the brim.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened for improving the English church in the Rue d'Aguesseau by enlarging the chancel, obtaining a new organ, re-seating the old church, procuring a new pulpit and reading desks, colouring and beautifying the walls, giving additional light, increasing the seating accommodation by nearly 200 seats, and erecting an external porch and mortuary chapel. The estimated cost for alterations is £3,000. Lord Lyons has headed the list with a contribution of 1,000*l.*, and many English residents have also subscribed, but it is hoped that a considerable proportion of the expense will be borne by sympathizers in England, and donations will be received by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, 9 Serjeants'-inn.

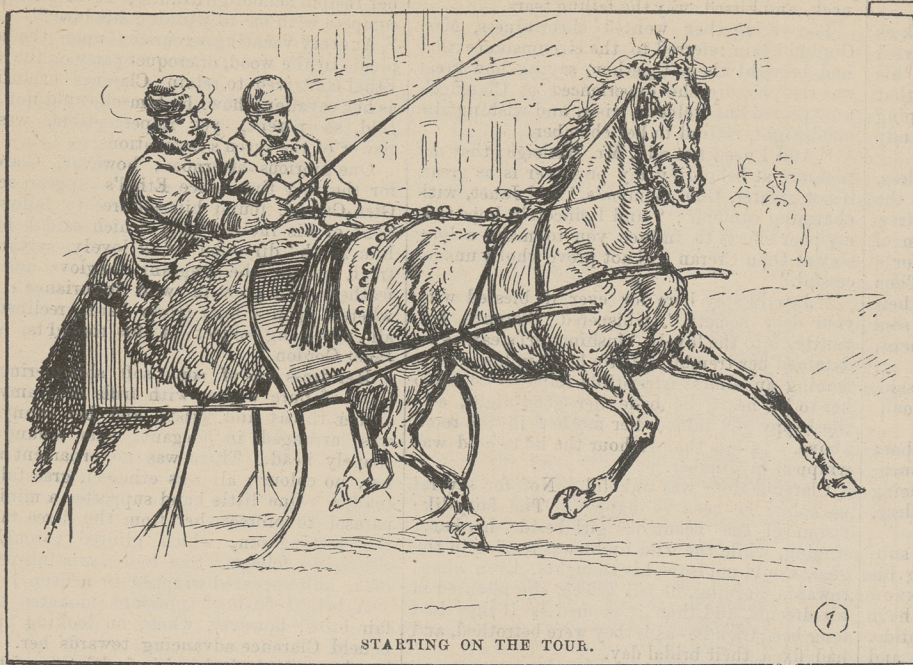
AN EDITOR'S RESOURCE.—A New York paper says that England can boast one editor at least who might be trusted to run a country paper in the United States. In his youth Sir Richard Phillips edited and published a paper at Leicester called the *Herald*. One day an article appeared in it headed "Dutch Mail," and added to it was an announcement that it had arrived too late for translation, and so had been set up and printed in the original. This wondrous article drove half England crazy, and for years the best Dutch scholars squabbled and pored over it without being able to arrive at any idea of what it meant. The famous "Dutch Mail" was in reality merely a column of "pi." "Pi," it may be as well to explain, is a jumble of odd letters gathered up and set on end so as to save their faces from being scraped, to be distributed at the leisure of the printers in their proper places. Some letters are upside down, often ten or twelve consonants or as many vowels come together, and the whole is peppered with punctuations, dashes, and so on, till it might pass for poetry by a lunatic Choctaw. The story Sir Richard tells of the particular "pie" he had a whole hand in is this—"One evening, before one of our publications, my men and a boy overturned two or three columns of the paper in type. We had to get ready in some way for the coaches, which, at four in the morning, required four or five hundred papers. After every exertion, we were short nearly a column; but there stood on the galleys a tempting column of pie. It suddenly struck me that this might be thought Dutch. I made up the column, overcame the scruples of the forger, and so away the country edition went, with its philological puzzle, to worry the honest agricultural reader's head. There was plenty of time to set a column of plain English for the local edition." Sir Richard tells of one man, whom he met in Nottingham, who for thirty-four years preserved a copy of the *Leicester Herald*, hoping that some day the letter would be explained.



LONG LIFE AND PROSPERITY.



COUNTING THE RECEIPTS.



NEW YEAR'S VISITS.

MY GOOD OLD SUIT.

BY A. MACFIE.

My good old suit of Scottish plaid
Against my will aside is laid:
It makes me sad to see thee cast
Away with relics of the past.

Can I forget, tho' long ago,
How snug I felt from top to toe;
And how my heart was full of glee
When I was first encased in thee.

How every time I chanced to pass
A small or ample looking-glass,
I stole a peep at thee and thought
A better suit was never bought.

So firm in texture, smooth in pile,
In dye so rich, so rare in style;
A better garb ne'er clothed a king,
Thy praises I shall ever sing.

To ponder on thy fate I'm loath.
Yet fancy I can hear a moth
Gnaw thee with rage and then digest
My nether garment, coat and vest.

Or may be torn and cut in tags
By busy dame for carpet rags;
Or in the foulsome ragman's cart,
En route for his unwholesome mart.

Again thy fate I thus construe,
They've sold my vesture to a Jew,
And he with greedy eye for gain,
Has sold my plaided suit again.

A draught of gall I seem to drink,
As on thy fate I lonely think;
Ah! thus I ponder on thy fate,
Until my heart is nigh to break.

But like to thine my end shall be,
(Thy end and mine the fates decree)
When thoughtless youth old age deride,
Had cast me with contempt aside.

JANET'S FORGIVENESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAND OF FATE.

The scorching July sun poured down its rays upon a remote but extremely picturesque watering place on the north coast—upon the wooded heights, the snow-white cliffs, interspersed with patches of velvet green and clumps of purple heather, upon the dancing waters which reflected the pure blue of the cloudless sky, and upon the yellow glistening sands.

By the seashore the sails hung idly down, and the rowers lay listlessly along their boats, unable to use their oars, so intense was the heat of the sun.

In one of these boats lay a man so perfect in his grand proportions that one might almost have thought him a statue. His eyes were closed, not in sleep, but from exhaustion, and his jet black hair curled closely round a forehead whose white breadth contrasted well with his deeply bronzed cheek, whilst upon his finely chiseled features rested a shade of ineffable melancholy which was rarely absent from his handsome countenance.

The boat was near the shore; so near, indeed, that the merry laughter of a party of bathers was distinctly heard. Holding each other's hands, a group of pretty sea-nymphs had formed a ring, and were dancing merrily in the water.

"Come, Clarence, rouse up and see the mermaids!" exclaimed the companion of the still, recumbent figure referred to. "Get up, old fellow, and do homage to the sea-goddesses."

Clarence sighed slightly, and, smiling faintly, said, "Be quiet, Ned; I would not get up to behold Undine herself rising from the sea. You may lower me down as much as you like, but for goodness sake do not ask me to get up on such a broiling day as this!"

His companion turned half indignantly away to watch the bathers again, and resume his observation of one fair girl in particular, whom he had noticed from the commencement of the sport, for the exquisite ease and grace of her movements in the water, and her accomplished style of swimming. He was not near enough to see her features, but he saw that, unlike all the others, she allowed her long silken hair to float over her snowy shoulders at will. He could see wet tresses glisten like burnished gold in the sun from where he stood, and thought if the face was as beautiful as the hair, he should like to have one look at it before he ceased his watch of the merry group in the water.

Suddenly loud cries came over the few waves that now separated the bathers from the boat, for the latter had drifted near the shore, and the perfect calmness of the water had tempted the fair swimmer to strike out farther than usual, and she struggled in vain against the receding tide.

"Help! help!" cried out a chorus of voices. "She is drowning! she is drowning!"

The appalling cry aroused Clarence Harleigh as though by magic. He tore off his coat, and in an instant leaped into the waves.

Ned was already over, and half-way to the sinking girl, when Clarence, cool and collected, swam by him; and while Ned was making almost superhuman efforts to reach her, Clarence's sweeping strokes had already brought him to her. He clasped her in his strong arm, her long tresses hanging over his shoulder, and her pale, lovely countenance turned upwards. He then shaped his course towards the boat, which was much nearer than the bathing machine, for Clarence was already borne down with the lifeless weight of his beautiful burden.

He knew that the boat contained several articles of a restorative nature, as well as a large

woollen shawl of his own; and what was more, a fisherman, who would probably know better how to bring a drowned person to life, than the wet, frightened men and women who stood gasping in their limp and dripping clothes on the beach.

All the colour died out of Clarence's cheek as he gazed at the pale, lifeless body he had carried in his arms. Had he been too late?—had his efforts been unavailing?—was the thought that flashed through his excited brain. Wrapping her up tenderly, he gently forced some brandy through her hueless lips.

For some moments he remained in breathless, agonizing suspense. At length, however, the heavily-fringed eyelids unclosed, and she drew a faint breath. Then the crimson stream of life flickered faintly in her pale cheek. For a moment she looked wonderingly around. Then her large, shy, gazelle-like eyes, telling in their wordless eloquence of the pure, womanly soul from whence they drew their enchantment, rested upon Clarence, and she blushed.

"Oh, how can I thank you, sir?" she said, in a low, sweet voice, holding out her small, white hand.

Clarence pressed it to his lips, and was about to reply, when an elderly lady in deep mourning stepped forward, and passionately embracing the young girl, exclaimed, "My child—my dear, dear child!"

When these transports had somewhat subsided, she turned to Clarence, and taking his hand, she said, with deep emotion, "You know not how great—how precious a service you have rendered me! Janet is now my only child; the only being left me on earth to love and cherish; and I thank you for your noble conduct—thank you from the very depths of my heart!"

"My dear madam, you over-rate my deserts," returned Clarence, with a faint smile. "Believe me, the knowledge that I have been the means of conducing to your happiness amply repays me for all."

A carriage was now in waiting to convey the ladies to their hotel. When they were seated, the elderly lady drew a card from her case, and, handing it to Clarence, said, "This is my address. We leave for home early to-morrow, and it will afford both myself and daughter the greatest pleasure to see you at any time."

The grateful, enchanting look which the young girl bestowed upon Clarence as the carriage drove off, fully confirmed her mother's assertion.

A few weeks later, Clarence Harleigh, who had been incessantly haunted by the image of Janet Gordon, found himself roaming over the glens and mountains of a wild district of the northern Highlands.

Taking the card from his pocket he read, "Mrs. Gordon, Glen-Creran."

"Strange coincidence! Was it chance or fate that directed my footsteps hither?" he concluded, gazing upon a beautiful vale expanded below, with cultivated fields, woods, and groves, and among many huts sprinkled about the landscape, one mansion, to which they all seemed to appertain, and which, without any grandeur, yet suited, in its unpretending and venerable solemnity, the character of that lonely and lovely place.

"Madman that I am to dream of love," he soliloquized, "with such a dark, withering cloud overshadowing my life; and yet I cannot tear her image from my heart, try how I may. 'Tis the only ray of sunlight, the only gleam of comfort I have known since that rash, that fatal deed, which will cling to me like a curse till the bitter end!"

He descended into the vale, and found himself on a smooth lawn and close by the mansion which he had discerned from the hill above, but which had till now been concealed by a grove of dark pines.

At this moment, to his astonishment he beheld advancing towards him Mrs. Gordon and her daughter, and the young girl's face was radiant with pleasurable surprise, and holding out her hands, said, "My preserver, thrice welcome to Glen-Creran!"

Clarence bowed, and expressing his pleasure at this wholly unexpected meeting—for he had had no idea that the place he sought was so near—readily accompanied his charming conductress into the house.

"You are just in time," observed the amiable hostess; "we are about to have a storm."

Even as she spoke, the low muttering of distant thunder was heard among the hills, and the river, swollen suddenly by the deluging rain, roared along the swinging woods till the whole valley was in a tumult. It was a true Highland night, and the old house rocked like a ship at sea.

But the walls of the mansion were thick and massive, and the evening passed happily within. The ladies had not passed all their lives in a Highland glen, and they conversed with their guest most eloquently about the various foreign cities which they had all visited.

The harp was touched, and the wild Gaelic airs sounded still more wildly between the fitful pauses of the storm. She who played and sang so sweetly was no sorceress inhabiting an enchanted castle, but a young, graceful girl of eighteen, innocent as beautiful, and, therefore, a more powerful enchantress than any that ever wound the invisible lines of her spell around a knight of romance.

At the conclusion of one air, "A Chieftain's Lament," the mother heaved a deep sigh; and in the silence that ensued, the artless beauty said to Clarence, who was standing beside her,

entranced by the witching melody, "My poor dead brother used to love that air; I ought not to have sung it."

And stealing softly to her mother's side, the gentle girl twined her loving arms around her neck, and kissed away the falling tears.

Recovering her wonted cheerfulness, Mrs. Gordon again referred to the circumstance that had brought them together, saying how great was the pleasure she experienced at Clarence's unexpected but welcome visit, and wishing him good-night, retired to her chamber.

"And I need not add, Mr. Harleigh, that my pleasure at beholding my preserver is as great, if not greater, than mamma's," said Janet, with charming candour; "and I sincerely hope that my poor efforts to induce you to make a long stay at Glen-Creran will not prove wholly unsuccessful."

"I could stay here for ever if blessed with your dear society," whispered Clarence, fervently, into the lovely, blushing girl's ear, as he detained her trembling little hand in his. Overcoming an almost irresistible impulse to clasp her to his heart, he bade her good-night, and the happy girl joined her mother in the room above. In less than an hour the household was wrapped in slumber.

Clarence alone was wakeful. Not for several years had he been so happy. The fairy-like vision of the beautiful girl beside her harp, singing, while the wild night was roaring in the glen, would not leave his thoughts. Even when, towards morning, he fell asleep, she pictured in his dreams, and then it seemed as if they had long been friends—as if they were betrothed, and had fixed their bridal day.

From these enchanting, blissful visions he awoke, and heard the sound of the mountain torrent roaring itself to rest. He then recollected where he was, his real condition returned upon him, and that lovely maiden was then to him only a delusive phantom once seen, and to smile upon him no more.

He rose at sunrise, and contemplated the romantic scene without, the hush that slowly settled on the woods, the white mists rolling up the mountain side, till at last the glorious sun burst forth in all its splendour, and Glen-Creran lay below in smiling and joyful beauty, a wild paradise, where the world might be pleasantly forgotten, and human life pass away like a dream.

After breakfast Janet appeared in a bewitching morning toilette, which displayed to advantage the supple grace of her exquisite form, set forth, accompanied by Clarence, upon a preconcerted ramble.

The rich and cheerful beauty of the early autumn covered all the glen. They stood upon the mountain tops, and waited till the wreathed mist rose up in the early sunlight, and revealed far below the motionless silence of the wooded depths. They sat beside the mountain cataracts, and traversed the heathery shores of the great island lochs and enjoyed the stern silence of the black pine forest. The belling of the red deer came to them in the desert, and they strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of the eagle, whose wild shriek was heard in the blue hollow of the sky; and thus the happy golden days were passed, each fleeting hour more firmly forging love's rosy fetters around them.

CHAPTER II.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

On the fourth day of Clarence Harleigh's sojourn at Glen-Creran, a visitor arrived—a visitor whom Janet instinctively felt was destined in some way to destroy the blissful harmony, which, since the advent of Clarence, had entered her young life.

Ethel Allison, Janet's cousin, was a brilliant brunette, with exquisitely beautiful features, though a proud, haughty expression pervaded them. Her eyes were large, black, and lustrous, possessing that intensity of gaze which is calculated to fascinate the beholder; and her tall, stately form was a study of grace and symmetry combined.

On being introduced to Clarence, she looked puzzled for a moment. Then recollecting herself smiled, and said, "We have met before, Mr. Harleigh, I fancy; where, my treacherous memory will not for the moment assist me to remember."

Clarence replied that he had travelled much, and that doubtless it was on the Continent that they had met, but that he must also plead guilty of having no recollection of the circumstance.

Miss Allison had a fund of small talk at her command, and conversed fluently on the topics of the day. She possessed a full, rich voice, and her touch was both refined and artistic. Seating herself at the piano, she surprised and enthralled her hearers by her masterly powers of execution.

She had the strange faculty of keeping Clarence ever by her side, under some pretext or other—of entirely monopolizing his society; and her flashing orbs would blaze with triumph as she turned them on the gentle girl who sat seemingly neglected and alone, tacitly acknowledging her superior charms and accomplishments, as she watched Ethel's undisguised admiration of the man who had saved her life, and who was becoming hourly far dearer to her than life itself; and a nameless, dreary, desolate feeling hung heavily at her heart.

When Ethel retired to rest that night, long did she survey the exquisite loveliness of her peerless form in the large mirror.

Smiling proudly at the reflection, she said, "I think I have made a favourable impression; one that my sickly cousin will find it difficult to efface, with all her arts and wiles, the soft-spoken little hypocrite! She will, surely, with her insipid school-girlishness, never attempt to compete with me in winning his love?"

At every yachting excursion upon the lakes, picnic in the wood, or croquet party on the lawn, Ethel contrived to retain Clarence exclusively as her cavalier; how, he himself could not have told, so potent, yet imperceptible, was the power of the syren's fascinations.

One glorious afternoon, however, Clarence, for the first time since Ethel's appearance at Glen-Creran, found himself free to follow the bent of his inclination; which said bent led him in the direction of a lovely sylvan retreat, where the fragrant foxglove and the feathery fern grew in wild luxuriance; and, where, upon a low, mossy bank, reclined the all-engrossing object of his thoughts, sweet Janet Gordon.

Her dress was of some soft shimmering material of pure white, with frills of creamy lace at her throat and wrists, and her sunny hair was arranged in elegant coils around her shapely head. There was no ornament about her, no colour; all was ethereal, graceful, and tender. One little hand supported a miniature parasol to protect her from the fierce rays of the setting sun, which glistened through the clustering foliage. She had a wistful, pensive look, and appeared wrapped in a deep reverie.

A bright flush of pleasure mounted to her fair brow, however, when, on looking up, she beheld Clarence advancing towards her. How handsome he looked in his faultless tourist suit, she thought.

Approaching the spot where she sat, he threw himself down on the velvety turf beside her.

"I trust I have not dispelled some pleasant dream, Miss Gordon," he said, in his low, musical voice—"interrupted some blissful reverie; and, more than all, I hope my presence will not be considered an intrusion."

"How can you ask it?" responded Janet, reprovingly. "Have I not said that the preserver of my life could never be otherwise than welcome? Besides," she added, playfully, "I have had so little of your society of late."

Clarence thought there was just a shade of reproach in her tones. A sigh involuntarily escaped him; his handsome visage became clouded in a moment.

"Pardon me, Mr. Harleigh," said Janet, with an expression of tenderest sympathy. "But why are you so sad when in my society? You are not so with Miss Allison."

"Can you not guess?" he returned, wistfully; do not my eyes betray me?—does not my heart speak to yours of its passionate adoration? Oh, how can I be serious with your frivolous cousin? She is nothing to me, never will—never can be! It is you, dear Janet—you that I love! and with all the intensity of a first affection; passionately!—devotedly! Think, then, how great must be my anguish when I tell you that a dark, unholy secret overlouds my life—one which I dare not impart even to the dear one whose love is more precious to me than my life! How, then, can I dare to ask her to become my wife?" he cried, despairingly.

The rosy stream of life cast its hues upon her cheeks for a moment. Then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, she said, "From my heart I pity you—deeply, sincerely; for whatever the nature of your secret, I feel convinced that it reflects no dishonour on you," she concluded, earnestly, placing her fairy fingers soothingly upon his shoulder.

"Bless you for those dear—those precious, hope-inspiring words!" Clarence exclaimed, rapturously, looking up into her beautiful, soul-illuminated countenance. May I—dare I hope one day to win your priceless love?"

The gentle girl was deeply agitated, unable to speak the words she so longed, yet feared to utter.

"Speak to me, dearest," he pleaded—"speak to me! The happiness of my whole life depends on your answer. Oh, Janet—dear, dear Janet! do not doom me to despair!"

"I love you with all my heart, dear Clarence!" were the blissful words which issued with pathetic earnestness from her lips. "I shall love you all my life!"

"My own, my darling, my peerless love!" cried Clarence, in an ecstasy of joy, clasping her in his arms.

Before they reached home that evening, there was a clear moon to light them through the fragrant birch-woods.

Her heart was given up entirely, with all its calm, pure, and holy thoughts and feelings, to him who was now her lover. It knew no disguise, nor had it one single emotion to veil or conceal. His smile was light, and his voice was music to her; and to the serene depths of an affection which had been growing within her heart from the very first moment she beheld him, would she now have willingly gone with him to the uttermost parts of the earth, or laid down her young and happy life for his sake.

It was Sabbath day, and Glen-Creran was now not only hushed in the breathing repose of nature, but all rural labour was at rest. No shepherd shouted on the mountain, no reapers were in the half-shorn fields, and the fisherman's net was hung up to dry in the sunshine.

When the party met again in the breakfast-room, whose windows, opening on the lawn, let in the pure fragrance of the roses and honeysuckles, and made the room a portion, as it were, of the rich wooded scenery, there was blended

with the warmth and kindness of the morning salutation a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day.

The sweet countenance of Janet Gordon, which, the night before, had been lit with almost a wild gladness, was now breathed over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features.

The kirk was some considerable distance, but they were prepared to walk to it; and Clarence Harleigh readily accompanied them on their way to divine service.

To Clarence, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen revealed some new feature of interest.

Families were coming down together from their green nests above among the mountain solitudes; and subdued friendly greetings were exchanged on all sides. The many-coloured Highland tartan, mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands, gave intimation of the friendly intercourse subsisting between the dwellers of hill and of plain. The distinction of rank was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. The clear tinkle of the bell was heard; the seats were filled, and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms.

Towards the end of the service, Clarence chanced to fix his eyes on a small marble slab in the wall, and he read these words:—

"Sacred to the memory of Hugh Gordon, late Captain in the ninety-second regiment, who died at Vienna, 9th Sept., 18—"

A mortal sickness seized upon him, and in that agony, which was, indeed, almost a swoon, he prayed for death to still the pangs of his tortured heart. He looked fixedly, first, at the mother, and then at her daughter—and a resemblance, which he had not before discovered, to one in his grave, now grew upon him stronger and stronger. Shudderingly he turned his looks away, only to fix them again on that inscription, to which they seemed drawn by some hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction, nor saw the exultant gleam of Ethel's dark orbs; but unable to control the emotion that racked him, with a low moan, he staggered blindly from the sacred edifice.

Crossing a rustic bridge spanning a rivulet, he entered a thick coppice wood, and gave utterance to the grief that seemed fast consuming him.

"Oh, is my sin to haunt me ever, like some grim and ghastly spectre? To dash the cup of happiness from my lips ere I had tasted its Lethæan waters? Is not a life's repentance sufficient atonement for an act committed in a moment of hot-headed folly; or is that one act to embitter my whole existence? But, oh! more crushing than all is the thought that I should win the love of that pure, spotless being—she of all women—who, did she know all, would loathe and despise me! Oh, what evil destiny threw me in her path! It wanted but this to complete my misery! How bitter is my punishment!" he cried, in accents of direst grief. Sinking on the turf, he sobbed convulsively.

The snapping of twigs caused him to start suddenly, and on looking up he beheld, standing before him, Ethel Allison.

"Oh, my love! my love! Have I indeed found you after these long, weary years?" she exclaimed, stretching out her hands towards him.

"I do not understand you, Miss Allison," said Clarence, scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses; "and I am in no mood for trifling." "Heaven! I witnessed your discovery in the church. Nay, start not, Clarence Sinclair; you see I know you! Oh! is it possible that your heart fails to recognize its once acknowledged queen? Can you so speedily forget the belle of Vienna—the supposed affianced wife of Hugh Gordon, your victim, but whose heart had long before been given into your keeping?"

"I do recognize you now," said Clarence, recovering his composure; but to what does all this tend?"

"Oh, Clarence!" she exclaimed with well-assumed pain, "can you ask? My love for you is no secret. I have come for the fulfilment of your promise to make me your wife."

"You must regard that only as an act of youthful folly, made when I knew not the true meaning of love." "Besides," he added, "I am now engaged to Miss Gordon."

"I know it," she hissed, through her white, glistening teeth; "but she never shall be yours; you must give her up, and at once."

"It would break her fond, trusting heart!" said Clarence.

"Better hers than mine," said Ethel curtly; "for I could never survive the blow of seeing you wedded to another."

"But I have no love to offer you."

"Oh, Clarence, I despair not of winning that, if there is power in the devotion of a lifetime."

"And what if I refuse?" he said, stonily.

"Oh, my love! you will not compel me to seem unwomanly; but I cannot bear the thought of losing you; and rather than see you married to another I would tell them all!"

"Oh, no, no—not that!" he cried, staggering against a tree, as if struck a mortal blow. "I consent!" he cried, huskily, wiping the great drops of agony from his brow.

It was with a sinking heart and a dread foreboding that Janet Gordon lay down to rest that night.

The disappearance of Clarence Harleigh and Ethel Allison from Glen-Creran the next morning filled the hearts of Mrs. Gordon and her daughter with the most painful apprehensions. They called to mind the singular conduct of

Clarence in the church, and the sudden departure of Ethel, and a vague, ominous fear settled heavily on their hearts.

About noon, a man brought a letter for Miss Gordon.

With trembling fingers, and wildly beating heart, Janet broke the seal. It ran thus:—

"My Own Dear Love,—

"For you will be my love till the pulsations of this breaking heart have ceased. All is—oh, all is at an end between us. Oh, my beloved one, it wrings my heart thus to abandon you; but a frightful destiny has rendered it unavoidable. Farewell! Forget your unhappy

"CLARENCE."

"Oh, mother, mother!" exclaimed the poor girl; "and I loved him so truly—so dearly! I shall die—I shall die!" And falling upon her mother's shoulder, she sobbed hysterically.

"My dear, dear child!" said the widow in choking accents; "it is indeed a heavy blow; but you must try to bear it with resignation."

Janet's trial was great, but the poor stricken girl was yet destined to receive a heavier blow. A few days later they read in the fashionable intelligence the announcement of Clarence Harleigh's approaching marriage with her cousin, Ethel Allison.

"And this is the man on whom I have bestowed my heart's best love!" sobbed the gentle girl. "Oh, false, heartless Clarence!"

Later in the day a visitor was announced—a Mr. Edward Manton, a friend of Clarence Harleigh's.

The widow and her daughter, who remembered to have seen him on the day of Janet's rescue from drowning, received him courteously, but coolly. He briefly explained the nature of his errand, which was that he had news of the utmost importance to communicate to Clarence.

"Mr. Harleigh has gone," returned the widow, defiantly. "He left us no knowledge of his whereabouts."

"Gone!" exclaimed Manton; "you amaze me, madam! I am that gentleman's most intimate friend, and, pardon me, but he has repeatedly expressed to me, in confidence, the nature of his feelings towards Miss Gordon. He is the soul of honour. I have never known him to depart from his word, and to act in this seemingly base and heartless manner I must confess is to me most mysterious."

"Perhaps this will explain," said Mrs. Gordon, handing him both the letter and the newspaper.

Manton, with a troubled expression, read on to the end. Then his look suddenly brightened, and he exclaimed, "I see it all now! You must understand that Mr. Harleigh is suffering from the effects of an unhappy circumstance which has preyed so heavily on his mind that it has become a disease with him, and he has magnified an act of self-justification into a positive crime. The circumstance I allude to happened about five years ago. He was staying at the Austrian capital at the time, and it was rumoured that he had a fancy for a lady there, who was well known by the cognomen of the Belle of Vienna, but who was supposed to be the affianced wife of a young English officer, who, on hearing the report, became immediately jealous of Mr. Harleigh. A quarrel ensued, and a duel was fought, which resulted in the death of the young soldier."

"His name?" gasped Mrs. Gordon, who had become deeply moved during the latter portion of Manton's recital.

"Hugh Gordon."

Mrs. Gordon uttered a faint shriek, and sank back as though about to swoon.

Janet, with many endearing expressions, endeavoured to arouse her.

"Oh!" she at length murmured. "To think that the man who deprived my dear son of life should steal the affections of my only daughter!"

"Believe me, dear madam," said Manton, who was greatly surprised, "Harleigh had no knowledge of the relationship between you and your son when he came here. Let me beg of you not to hastily condemn him. The unhappy quarrel, which has embittered his whole existence, was forced upon him by the impetuous character of his antagonist, who, however, fully assured him of his perfect forgiveness, and of his sense of his antagonist's courage and honour. Harleigh's sensitive nature shrank from the deed he had committed, but none reproached him with a quarrel which had not been of his own seeking, for he had only used his skill for the defence of his own life. Regarding his marriage with Miss Allison, she had doubtless extorted that promise from him under the threat of exposing him to the mother of his betrothed—not because she had any love for him, but because she is eager to share his title and his wealth."

"Poor Clarence!" said Janet, sighing deeply; "he is truly more sinned against than sinning."

"You are right, Janet," said Mrs. Gordon; "poor young fellow, I now feel that he merits our pity rather than our scorn."

She felt, only too truly, that her wild and headstrong Hugh had sought his doom, and her heart yearned with the emotions of ineffable tenderness towards him who was willing to let all blame rest on his own head rather than any of it should alight on him who was in his grave; and if he had unavoidably taken the life of one of her own children, had he not preserved that of the other?

Now that the first startling agony was over, both Janet and Mrs. Gordon regarded Clarence with affection for his own sake, pity for his mis-

fortunes, and sympathy for the contrition which he endured for an act which he, more than themselves, regarded as a heinous crime.

"Tell him, Mr. Manton, that the mother of Hugh Gordon offers him her forgiveness, and may he find rest from remorse as I have found rest from grief."

Edward Manton was not slow in forwarding to his friend the cheering news, and the next evening saw Clarence at Glen-Creran. He found Mrs. Gordon and Janet sitting alone in the woods.

"If I can regain Janet's affection," said Clarence, with great emotion, "could you bear to look upon me as your son-in-law?"

"You have never yet lost her love," returned Mrs. Gordon; "and if I could see you married to my child, then could I lay down my head and die in peace."

He was satisfied, and gave a history of himself and his family—telling how he had changed his name for that of a kinsman, to whose estate he had succeeded.

"Janet," he said, turning to the lovely girl, "your dear mother has pardoned; will you not also forgive me?"

"Freely," said Janet, holding out her little hand.

Clarence took it into his own brown palm, and drawing her towards him, sealed the blissful assurance on her lips.

"My darling!" he exclaimed fervently, "I do not deserve such happiness."

A few weeks later, the morning of Janet Gordon's wedding-day shone over Glen-Creran. And a happy day it was all over the mountains of Appin and also in the beautiful vale of Melcomb, in England, where many a cup went round among his tenantry, to the rich young squire and his Scotch bride.

F. J. F.

HEARTH AND HOME.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bride-bit is a little thing, but we know its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the parts of a large building together, a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt; if it is a promise, redeem it. You know not what important events may hang upon it. Keep your word sacred; keep it to the children—they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind little things.

BE SHORT.—Learn to be short. Long visits, long stories, long exhortations, and long prayers seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is soon over, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message, and hold your peace, boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.

HOME FRIENDSHIPS.—If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that higher and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier in this loving and abiding union.

LOVERS.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—a consideration of the fitness of things, of momentary impulse, or of cool deliberation—that which should be the happiest state is often the unhappiest. The only true matches are made by love, and when two people have really loved—really, from the depths of their very hearts—nothing can ever quite part them again. We do not say this of those who have been called or call themselves, lovers. A couple may be engaged, or it may be even married, and yet the wonderful tie of great love may never have existed between them. When it does exist, all the waters cannot quench it, nor the seas cover it. Forever and forever—at least in the far ever of life—those two are more to each other than any two who have loved can be. Sometimes happy fate actually unites two who love thus, and they live a long, happy life together.

HOW TO MANAGE HIM.—Husbands, dear ladies, can be coaxed to do almost anything; but it will not do to drive them. If the wife is fond of her own way, the husband is tolerably certain to be similarly inclined; and mutual misery is the result. There should be but one will with a married couple who are truly mated, and that should be the will of both. To those who know the sweet authority of love, this will

not seem like a paradox. We have known couples—not so many as we could wish!—both of whom could truthfully say, after a dozen or twenty years' walking of the long path together, that they had had their own way, because the necessary mutual yielding had been done so cheerfully and so wholly that but the one way remained. The worst of husbands—provided he is not dissipated, of course—can be managed if you, his wife, can keep him in love with you. When that can be done, all the rest follows. How it can be done we do not know; you ought to, if you know what he loved you for in the first place. We do not mean simply faithful, and provident, and kind, but genuinely loving. Few mortals can withstand the power of faithful, loving devotion.

THE GLEANER.

THERE have been 140 duels in France within eight months, without the loss of a life.

EDMUND YATES says that the only rival to English womanhood is American womanhood.

WHEN an American is abroad and is puzzled about what to order he falls back on ham and eggs.

SAPONOVARI is the new chief of the Utes. We believe we could make a pun on that name, but we won't do it.

A CAREFUL traveller says that he rides in the rear car of an express train and in the forward car of a slow train.

THE report that the Grecian bend was to be revived proves erroneous. It got currency during the cucumber season.

THERE is feeling, even affection, in inanimate things. Even railroad cars become strongly attached to each other.

A MISSISSIPPI writer says that when a capitalist or banker can make two per cent. a month on money loaned to a planter he will not invest it in cotton mills.

A YOUNG lady wrote some verses for a paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn grey when it appeared in print: "My 30th."

HOMELY cooks always do the best work. Somehow the pretty ones don't seem to be so much afraid that the master will kick up a row if the steak is overdone or the coffee rather weak.

THE daughters of present European rulers do not support the common theory of the novel and the stage, that aristocratic blood causes delicacy and refinement of face. They are, as a rule, rather coarse and common as to features.

TODDLESKINS is a very small man indeed, but he said he never minded it at all until his three boys grew up to be strapping young fellows and his wife began to cut down their old clothes to fit him. And then he said he did get mad.

THE famous old Christ's hospital, or Blue Coat school of London, is to be removed to a suitable site in the country, where buildings will be provided for 1,000 boys as boarders. Accommodation will also be provided for 400 girls in an upper and lower school.

A POET asks: "When I am dead and lowly laid, And clouds fall heavy from the spade, who'll think of me?" Don't worry. Tailors and shoemakers have retentive memories, and you'll not be forgotten.

If there should ever come a day when an English defeat in India cannot be offset by the excuse that Russian officers led the enemy, they will probably fall back on "overpowering numbers."

THE number of drawings sent by the schools of art in competition to the British Science and Art Department for 1879 was 137,666. The schools numbered 146. The number of children taught drawing in Great Britain has increased from 660,531 in 1875, to 725,129 in 1879.

RECENT excavations at Pompeii brought to light a hen's nest with thirteen eggs in it. They had been tightly covered in the ashes and preserved, and the finder took them home and put them under a hen and twelve of them hatched. The question now is, How long will those chickens have to be kept before they are up to the boarding-house standard of age?

LEWIS CLARKE, the George Harris of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is living at Oberlin, Ohio. His skin and beard are almost white. His mother, he says, was a handsome quadroon, the daughter of her master, and his father was a Scotch weaver. He was a slave until he was twenty-seven, when he escaped. He supplied Mrs. Stowe with many incidents for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The original Uncle Tom, Josiah Hensen, is now a clergyman in Ontario. Eva was Mary A. Logan, who lives in the South.

ACCORDING to Mr. Frank Buckland a great deal has to be said in a physiological view in favour of the oyster as an article of food. There is an average of about two and a half ounces of meat to every twelve ounces of shell in each oyster, and its constituents include much phosphate of iron and osmazone, or creature matter similar to essence of meat, and also a certain quantity of gelatine or mucilaginous matter, and another material of which phosphorus is the main ingredient. It is the principal brain-giving food that can be taken, and hence is so largely used by those fond of literary pursuits, and in this manner has become an almost essential element of diet to intellectual men. The annals of the University of Paris shadow forth that when so elastic disputations were more than usually rife and bold, the students were in the habit of rehearsing their debates over oyster suppers. Louis VIII, who died in 1226, loved oysters so well and thought so much of his cook for the savory manner in which he furnished them up for the royal table that he invested the chef de cuisine with a patent of nobility and made him a handsome annual allowance. The members of the college of the Sorbonne were invited by Louis XI to come once every year to feast upon oysters, until on one occasion a distinguished theologian came to an untimely end by drowning in the river Seine after the symposium had concluded.

"You Don't Know Their Value."

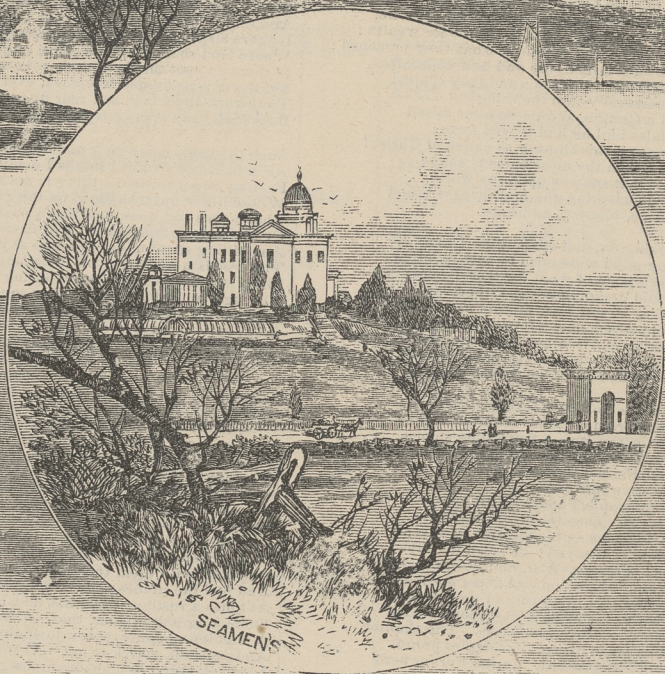
"They cured me of Ague, Billiousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, whom the doctors and neighbours said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them highly enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.



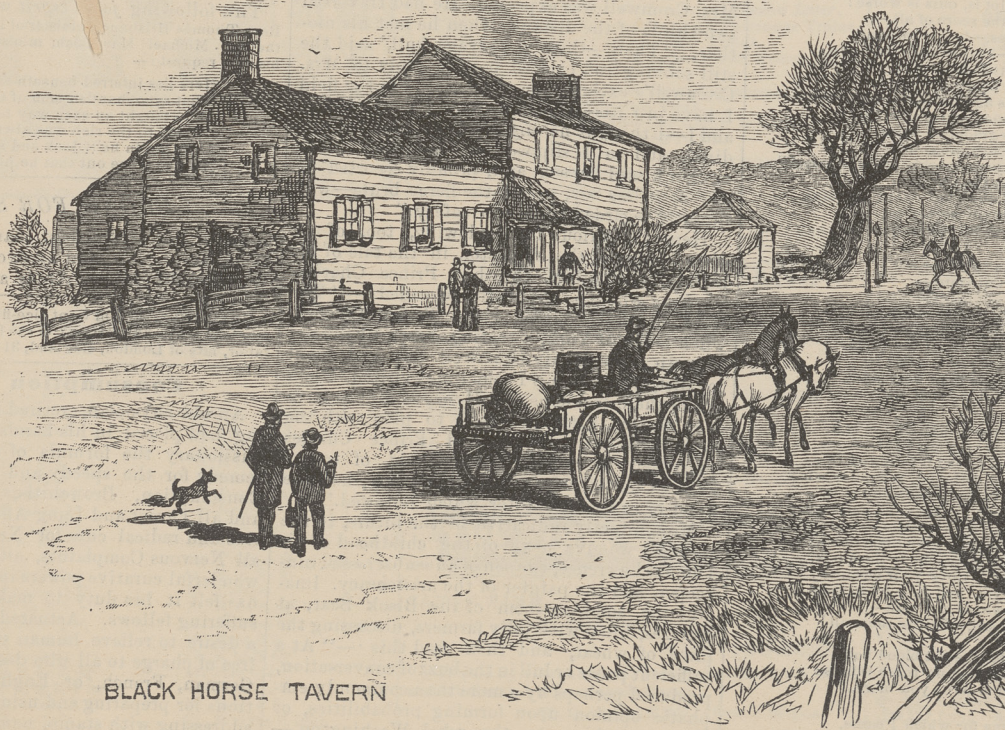
THE DECEMBER GALE THAT CAUSED SUCH WRECKS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE, AND DELAYED ALL THE INWARD BOUND STEAMERS.



CENTURY HOUSE



LIBBY CASTLE



BLACK HORSE TAVERN



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY BEN ISRAEL.

Fifteenth Century. Reign of Sixtus IV.

Well, seeing this, and how these blundering schemes
Beget a brood of sin and misery,
Said Jesus to his followers: All is wrong;
Let it be all reversed,—such life is hate;
But God is love: try love, then, for your scheme,—

Try God's law;—as the Book of Wisdom saith,
"All hatred stirreth strife; but love hath power
To cover up all sins;" and yet again:
"He who his neighbour scorneth, sins but he;
Is happy who hath mercy for the poor."
"The profit of the earth is made for all,
And riches breed disease and vanity."
So saith the preacher, just as Jesus said.
Nothing was new in Jesus' scheme but this,—
To make a community a fact—no dream.
But new or old, his followers obeyed,
Accepting what he taught. Their life was pure,
They craved no gains, abjured all private wealth;
Preached poverty, and practiced what they preached;
And then, with stealthy step and half-veiled face,
Pride entered, and ambition; and they shaped
That fair community into the thing
Now called a Church, and on its altar raised
The same false idol he had driven forth;
And now what is this Church so called of Christ?
The last and even the most hideous shape
Of tyranny—that spawns upon the world
As love's true offspring the foul serpent brood
Of superstition, bigotry, and hate.

Thus looking on, and striving as I can
To keep my mind wide open to new thought,
I weave my dream of what the world might be,—
A vague wild dream, but not without its charm
Since nothing in our Law forbids us
The trial of this scheme, suppose we Jews—
(Nay, do not smile)—suppose we very Jews
Go on and do even this, the Christian's work:
They will not do it,—oh, be sure of that!

No more of this: oh, my Jerusalem!—
Thou whom again we shall rebuild in power—
Let Justice be thy strong foundation stones,
And Love the cement that shall knit them close.
Firm in our Faith—at last—at last, O Lord!
When we have suffered to the bitter end,
Thy chosen people Thou wilt lift again,
And sweep Thy enemies before Thy path.
"Come not to Rome,—it is the sink of vice."
Its grandeur is decayed; its splendid days
Are faded. Plague, War, and Pestilence—
Tempest and inundation and fierce hordes—
Have o'er it swept, with ruin in their track.
The herdsman tends his flocks upon the Hill
Where Manlius drove the Gauls. The Capitol
Scarcely exists in name: its temples proud
Are wrecked and ruined. In the Forum herd
Horned cattle; and beyond the Flaminian gate,
Where once triumphant swarmed the crowds of Rome,
Spreads a flat marsh, o'ergrown with rustling canes,
Where flocks of whirling wild-fowls make their home.
Death haunts the temples, once so full of life.
Life crowds the tombs where the dead Caesars lie,
And tortures their wrecks for deadly feud.
The arts have perished. Prone upon the earth
Lie shattered the proud statues of their gods,
While the rude builder breaks them with his pick,
Or burns them into lime. The games are o'er;
The streets are filled with ruffian soldiery,
Quick at a quarrel; and the deadly knife
Of treachery stabs the unsuspecting foe.
Upon the Castle every week are seen
Black corpses, nailed along the outer walls.
The city throngs at night with bravos hired,
Who after murder find a safe retreat
In many a priestly palace. In a word,
Rape and murder, rape and parricide,
Ay, ev'ry crime, with or without a name,
Ravage the city. Justice, with sad face,
Weeping, hath fled, and Mercy's voice is dumb.
Is this the reign of Christ—or Belial?

Yet still I linger here: I scarce know why.
There is a charm that, all beyond my will,
Allures me, holds me, will not let me go.
'Tis not indeed like our Jerusalem;
Yet in its age, its sorrows and its wrongs,
It is allied to her—a city sad,
That, like a mourner weeping at a tomb,
Sits clad in sackcloth, grieving o'er the past,
Hoping for nothing, stricken by despair.
Sad, lonely stretches compass her about
With silence. Wandering here, at every step
We stumble o'er some ruin, once the home
Of happy life; or pensive, stir our feet
To ponder o'er some stern decaying tomb,
The haunt of blinking owls. Nor all in vain
Doth kindly nature strive to heal the wounds
Of Time and human rage: with ivy green,
With whispering grasses, reeds, and bright-eyed flowers,
Veiling its ruin; and with tremulous songs
Of far larks hidden in the dark blue sky,
Lifting the thoughts to heaven.

Here many a day
Alone I stray, and hold communion sad
With dreams that woe far on boundless ways
Of meditation vague, recalling oft
The passages of Prophets in our Land.
At times Isaiah seems to speak, and say
To Rome, as once unto Jerusalem:
"Judah is fallen, ruin hath involved
Jerusalem. What mean ye that ye beat
My people into pieces? that ye grind
The face of the poor? The Lord shall take
The bravery of thy ornaments away;
Thy men shall perish by the sword in war;
Thy mighty ones shall perish, and thy gates
Lament and mourn; and thou, being desolate,
Shalt sit upon the ground. Woe unto them
That draw iniquity with the weak cords
Of vanity, and call the evil good,—
Their blossoms shall be as rottenness, like dust
Their blossoms perish,—for they cast away
The Lord's law, and despise his Holy Word."

* And scarcely this, say I, Ben Israel—
Commenting on this letter. We of old
Among the patriarchs ever practised it.
And well it worked, till into cities packed,
Men grew ambitious, greedy, void of God,
And then confusion came to one and all.
The greed of riches is the curse of man:
Virtue and wisdom only, hand in hand,
Have any rightful claims to power; the wise,
The good, in every age affirm the same,—
Solon, Confucius, Plato, Thales, all.
"Flee greed, choose equal rights," Menander says
When Greece made question of her wisest men
What is the best form of all government,
Thales replied, "Where none are over-rich,
None over poor;" and Anacharsis said,
"Where vice is hated—virtue revered."
So Pittacus—"Where honours are conferred
But on the virtuous;" and Solon, too,
In thought, if not in words, like Jesus spoke,
"Where any wrong unto the meanest done
Is held to be an injury to all."
So also Solomon—"Remove me far
From vanity and lies; and give to me
Nor poverty nor wealth. Blessed is he
Who for the poor and needy giveth thought;
The Lord shall help him in his time of need."

And then in sorrow for this grievous fate
In which we are plunged, I comfort me with this—
That He, the Eternal One, hath promised us
That we at last shall from our sorrows rest,
And from our fear, and from our bondage dire,
And build again our new Jerusalem.

And yet once more. Here Jeremiah speak:
"How doth the city solitary sit
That once was filled with people! How is she
Become a widow, that among the powers
Was great, and princess in the provinces?"

She weepeth sorely in the night; her tears
Are on her cheeks; and of her lovers none
Will comfort her. "Ah, my Jerusalem!
Thy sister here is Rome, and sins like thee,
And she shall suffer also like to thee.

And she hath suffered for her heathen pride
And worship of false gods, and now is cast
Headlong to the earth with all her temples proud,
So shall she suffer in the time to come
For all her violence and worldly lust,
And all her utter falseness to her faith.
Is there no place upon this wretched earth
Where God shall have His own, and peace shall reign?
Is there no spot the devil doth not own?
Shall we, poor human wretches, ever seek
To thwart God's law, and rear up in His stead
Base idols, and make covenant with Death?

Such thoughts come over me, oppressed and sad,
As 'mid Rome's ruined tombs I meditate,
Feeling how transient a thing is man,
Whose life is but a shadow on the grass
That comes and goes, and like a passing wind,
Or like a voice that speaks and vanishes.
And sitting silent under the blue sky
The broods unchanging on the change below,
Idly I watch the drooping ivy swing
Through sunlit loops of arching aqueducts,
Printing its wavering shadow on the wall.
Or, as my eye runs down their lessening lines,
Broken by gaps of time and war, and swing
Along the far Compagna's rolling stretch
Like vertebrae of some huge skeleton.
I ponder o'er the past of Rome,—the pomp,
The pride, the power, the ruin,—masters, slaves,
Conquerors and victims, even the gods themselves,
Shattered and fallen and equal in the dust—
And silent nature calmly moving on,
Heedless of them, and what they were or did.
As it will be of us, when we are gone.
Often, again, with scarce a conscious thought,
My spirit wanders vaguely, who knows where!—
I gaze upon the cloud-shades trailing slow
O'er the deep chasms of the opaline hills,
And drift with them through some abyss of space,
And feel the silence sink into my soul.
At times a rustling starts me, and I see
Some long-haired goat, that, mounting up to crop
A wandering spire, peers down through glass-grey eyes,
And pausing, stares at me. At times, again,
I hear the thud of hoofs upon the grass,
And jangling swords, and voices of command,
As some armed troop goes galloping along.
And then I hide me, knowing that my tribe
Are only recognized to be the butt
Of mocking words—or scarce more wounding blows.
The shepherd, leaning idly on his staff,
Alone has kindly words for such as we,—
For nature had subdued him into calm,
Until he almost seems a part of her.

I have seen the Pope, whom in their blasphemy
They term God's Holiness. A fisherman,
Like Peter, was his father; and his son,
By mock humility and specious ways
Veiling his inward self, fully devoted
By lust of place, and luxury, and power,
Hath mounted in the end to Peter's chair.
Peter was poor and simple at the least.—
Honest though ignorant. This Sixtus here,
Fourth of his name, his utter opposite,—
Luxurious, worldly, fierce, and stained with crime.
There are no limits to his low desires:
None to his passions; and he treads us down
As if we were the offal of the earth.

Last week he gave a banquet that, I think,
Poor Peter would have been abashed to see:
'Tis said it cost more than twenty thousand crowns,
Shaming Vitellus with its cost and waste.
But this is nothing to his other deeds.
Little he thinks of carrying out the dream
Of which I just have spoken. Not the poor
Starve on black bread, and fester in disease,
While thus he lords it in his luxury.
Nor are the rich much better off with him:
A short month since he pillaged an old man—
The Prince Colonna—on some poor pretence—
Robbed him of his plate, robes, tapestries,
Tore him with torture, then lopped off his head;
And clothed in wretched rags to mock his rank,
Sent back in answer to his mother's prayers
For his mere life—the mutilated corpse!
And this is God's vice-regent on the earth—
The head of what they call the Christian Church!

Bad as the Christian's lot is, ours is worse:
We are the football and the scorn of all,
Laden with taxes, tributes,—forced to wear
An ignominious badge,—banned from the town,
And huddled in the Ghetto's filthy den.
No public office may we hold: our oath
Avails not in their courts against the word
Of any Christian; and now, worse than this,
In these last years one degradation more
Is cast upon us by this Christian court.
Whose creed is, "Love your neighbour as yourself."
We are but beasts that in the Carnival
Must race half-naked, clothed but round the loins,
A halter on our necks, as we were dogs,—
Insulted, booed, jeered at by the mob.

No one of us is free from this,—or old
Or young, whatever be our state,—
Elder or priest or child—it matters not.
High ladies, cardinals in purple robes,
Ay, even the Pope himself, with all his court,
Seated on high, in all their pomp and pride,
Laugh at us, as we stumble on our course,
Pelted with filth, and shake their holy sides,
Encouraging the mob that mock at us.

But what offends me more than all the rest
Is that this usage has debased our tribe,—
Bent its proud neck, and forced it to the earth,—
Taught us to cringe and whimper, taught us wiles,
And driven us at their back to creep and crawl.
We, who were God's own people,—we must bow
Before these Christians: with a smile accept
Even their kicks, and humbly give them thanks
For our mere life. This stings me to the quick.
As for what Christ said, "Love your enemies,"
Bless them that curse you and do good to them,"
This is beyond the power of any man—
Beyond my power at least,—I curse them all!

I stay my pen here,—for the hot blood boils
Within my brain in thinking on these things:
I dare not trust myself to write you more.

My work is almost done for which I came,
And soon I hope to greet your face again,
Shaking the dust off from this godless place,
With all its rottenness and infamy:
Then for my dear Jerusalem again!

Greet all my friends,—Rebecca, Ismael,
And all your dear ones. Peace be with you all!
I count the days till we once more shall meet.

W. W. S.

GREAT MEN IN THEIR BOYHOOD.

The world knows very little about the early life of its great men. This is sometimes caused by the fact that the noticeable, quick, clever lads, who are the favourites of the schoolmaster and the pride of fond mothers, turn out anything but extraordinary in after life: while the dull children, whom no one thinks much about, afterwards climb into eminence. In other instances, it is the effect of the obscurity and lowliness of social condition out of which the great have risen, shutting out their childhood from observation. If we could obtain accurate information respecting the immaturity of the highest intellects, there is no doubt that the record would be not only an amusing and an interesting, but also a highly instructive one. It would let in a flood of light upon the events of their after years, explain many inconsistencies and puzzling traits of character, and make clear much that is not hopelessly obscure. We should see some such as Benjamin Franklin toiling along the road to knowledge with undaunted energy and unwearied perseverance, showing what ordinary minds can do when impelled onward by a strong determined will. We should observe others, such as Oliver Cromwell, evincing that firm, resolute, courageousness which often effects more in the bustle of life than the highest gifts in persons with weaker nerves.

The desideratum has, however, to a certain extent, been supplied by a work entitled, "Extraordinary Men: their Boyhood and Early Life," by William Russell. The author has, no doubt, done all he could with the materials at his command, but after all has added scantily to our previous knowledge.

We take a few extracts in order to show our readers the style in which Mr. Russell has treated the subject. The early loves of Lord Byron, and the poetic aspirations which grew out of them, are pretty generally known. Not so, generally, perhaps, one of the causes of that unhappy mood of mind which tinged his after life so darkly with misery. Here we have a glimpse of his relations with his mother, which goes far to account for it:—"In 1805, Lord Byron left Harrow for Cambridge University, passing the vacation both of that and the following year at Southwell. The quarrel between the mother and son had become more envenomed, outrageous than ever. Dishes, cups, glasses, were the least formidable missiles wielded by the lady in her hurricane rages; a poker being quite as readily made use of it, if at hand. To such a pitch of rage had they at one time exasperated each other by mutual taunts and revilings, that they both sought the village apothecary—Mrs. Byron to caution him not to sell her son poison, and the son to give the same warning with respect to his mother!"

The daring of Oliver Cromwell, happily mingled with love for his mother, is shown in the following anecdote:—"One of his mischievous school-boy pranks—possibly robbing an orchard of a hatful of apples—brought on him the displeasure of his mother, who, her husband being from home, inflicted a severe caning upon the delinquent, and sent him to bed early in the evening. Oliver was still fiercely sobbing with rage and pain, when a servant entering the bedroom upon some errand happened to say that Mrs. Cromwell had gone out on a visit to a sick friend, and intended returning alone by a road across the fields, a distance of two or three miles. The moment the servant was gone and the door closed, the boy sprang out of bed, hastily dressed himself, got down in some way from a window into the back-yard unobserved, or the domestics would have stopped him, possessed himself of a light spade, and sped off in the direction Mrs. Cromwell was expected. He had traversed two-thirds of the distance when he met his mother. 'There—there is a savage bull,' said the still sobbing and excited boy, in reply to Mrs. Cromwell's exclamation of surprise, 'in the field I have just passed, placed there I knew to-day, and I—I thought he might run at your red cardinal, and so I slipped out and came.' The mother kissed her son, and, proudly escorted by the dreadful boy, passed the fierce brute—who intently regarded them—in safety."

Here is a curious foreshadowing, too, of the after destiny of the Protector, in the tale of his having, when a boy, thrashed Prince Charles, the king whom he afterwards beheaded:—"The story of Oliver having given Prince Charles, when Duke of York, a beating, has a likelihood of truth. Sir Henry Cromwell was a devoted loyalist, whom James I sometimes visited. Upon one of these occasions, Sir Henry is said to have sent for his little grandson to play with the royal children. Oliver and Prince Charles quarrelled over their sports, and of course Prince Charles, who was a weakly boy, had the worst of it in the encounter which followed."

More directly indicative of the future, is the anecdote we give next of the childhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the son of an embarrassed inn-keeper, and the painter of the aristocracy. Imagine the smoking-room of the Black Bear, at Devizes, filled with jolly farmers, discussing the price of wheat, and then read this:—"At a sufficient pause or lull in the buzz of conversation, produced perhaps by a more than commonly emphatic opinion upon forming probabilities, or those attaching to the rebel Washington,—whether he would be shot, have his head chopped off in America, or be brought over sea to be

hanged at Tyburn—the landlord, a middle-aged, genteel-looking man, with a cleverish expression of face, who had been fidgeting in and out of the room half a dozen times during the last quarter of an hour, would say with sudden decision:—"Now, gentlemen, I will, if you please, introduce my son to your notice." Before any answer could be returned, the door was thrown open, and a charming little boy, nicely attired, and about six years of age, waiting just outside with his mother or sister, was caught up in the landlord's arms, and swiftly deposited upon a table reserved for that purpose at one end of the apartment. This done, the father usually went on to say 'Now gentlemen, here's my son. What do you say? Shall he recite from the poets, or shall he take the portrait of either of you? Admirable in both capacities, I assure you, gentlemen, though it's not perhaps for me to say so.' The most desirable as well as the most frequent response to this appeal, from the good-natured farmers who had not yet seen themselves framed and glazed in water colours, was an order for a portrait, which would only add two or three shillings to the drinking score, of not much moment, as prices ruled; but if any one did make a request for poetry, *Lycidas* perhaps—a favourite piece of the child's—would be recited in the sweetest voice in the world, and with remarkable feeling and effect. A likeness he could dash off in a few minutes, and these displays were very profitable in a small way to the father-exhibitor."

LITERARY.

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER was 73 years old on Friday last.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE continues in a very grave condition, and fears are entertained for the change which may take place at any moment.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has taken a nine years' lease of his house in Curzon street. He intends to make it a centre of Parliamentary life.

MISS FRITH, a daughter of the well-known London artist, has written a volume of poems, which will shortly be published.

M. MICHAEL CHARLES, the most distinguished mathematician in France probably, and the successor of the celebrated Savary as Professor of Geodesic in the Polytechnic School in Paris, died on the 19th inst, at his home in Chartres, at the advanced age of 87.

MR. F. T. BUCKLAND, the well-known writer on subjects relating to natural history, died in London on the 19th inst., in the 54th year of his age. He was a son of the distinguished geologist, the Rev. Dr. William Buckland, Dean of Westminster. Mr. Buckland was a pleasing and popular writer, and even his highest scientific papers found a large circle of readers. As an authority upon British fisheries he was unequalled.

CARLYLE lent the manuscript of his "History of the French Revolution" to a friend, through whose negligence a servant used it for kindling a fire. Carlyle says that for three days and nights he could not sleep, but was like a daff man. Then he went into the country, and for three months did nothing but read Marryat's novels. He says, "I sat to and wrote it all over again." And in a melancholy tone he adds, "I dinna think its the same; no, I dinna think its the same."

HUMOROUS.

It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him.

CONSISTENCY may be a jewel, as has been reported; but no capitalist has yet been found willing to lend money on it.

"Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.

A CLERGYMAN remarked the other day, "Alas! how times change! In the Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now it seems as though nothing short of a miracle would keep one quiet."

As two smart beaux were passing along a road near Forres they met a lady friend, who, as she passed, gave them a friendly nod of recognition, which one of the gentlemen acknowledged with a graceful bow, and the other, a poor farmer, taking no notice of the lady, she, being rather particular on the subject of politeness, afterwards questioned him why he did not return her salutation. His reply, equally gallant and ready, was, "I thoct ower muckle ow't to return it; I kept it."

THE following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the Rev. Thomas Brisbane, minister of Dunlop, on his friend the Rev. Michael Macculloch, minister of Bothwell, at his own request:—

"Here lies interred beneath this sod
That sycophantish man of God,
Who taught an easy way to heaven,
Which to the rich was always given.
If he get in he'll look and stare
To find some out that he put there."

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MUSIC.

Through early days, when like a fruit in reach,
Hope lingered, inviting sweet, before my sight,
Dear was each mood that music may invite,
The allegro and the pensive, each!
But now, when sorrowing passion finds no speech,
All drearier cadence borrows in its flight
The voice of my own agony, and can smite
My spirit as plaintive waves a starlit beach!

Or like pale mourners carrying sprays of rue,
With tremulous bosoms and low eyes that grieve,
With dark voluminous robes and loosened hair,
These pensive melodies go wandering through
The unbroken twilight of my heart, to leave
A kiss on the icy brow of its despair!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 304.

J. B., Montreal.—Pamphlet received. Many thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 307.

We saw a notice a short time ago to the effect that the *Chessplayers' Chronicle* at the beginning of the new year would appear as a weekly chess journal, and we were glad to believe that there was sufficient interest felt in the game in the old country to lead to its support under such new arrangements. No mention of this change, however, is made in the December number which has just reached us, from which we take the following:—"The *Chessplayers' Chronicle* will be henceforth carried on by other hands, and we trust that it will meet with the same amount of acceptance and support in the future which it has received in the past."—There must be some excellent chessplayers in the Philadelphia Club. The stand they made against Captain Mackenzie during his late visit to that city proves most satisfactorily that they have reason to be proud of the skill which they are able to produce when a fitting occasion calls for its exercise.

We should much like to know to what extent this creditable condition of their club is owing to the manner in which they manage their practice among themselves at their ordinary meetings.

It may be that at the present time they may have a more than ordinary number of good players among their members, but we are very much inclined to think that more is due to careful club management.

The following from the *Globe-Democrat* will be read with interest.

Capt. Mackenzie, after leaving Philadelphia, where he contested against four of the strongest players, making an even score, visited Baltimore to contend with Mr. Bellman. During his visit to the Quaker City in 1876 he also came out even. These results have given us a higher opinion than we had entertained of the skill of the chessplayers of Philadelphia, although we do not agree with Sir Hubert, of whom the *Times* speaks in the following article:—

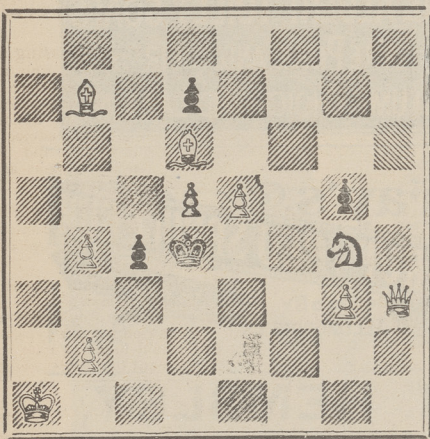
"An illustrious player, in a forthcoming article on chess, says that Philadelphia, in its chess strength, surpasses every city in the world except London, and he specifies the names of L. D. Barbour, Harry Davidson, Jacob Elson, D. M. Martinez, B. M. Neill, A. Roberts, G. Reichheim and J. G. Whiteman. Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed."

The Oxford University Chess Club played its first match with the Oxford City Club on Friday, 26th. The result of the match was as follows:—City Club, 13 games; University Club, 3; drawn games counting as halves. Since this match was played three other matches have been arranged. A return match has been settled with the City Club, and also a match will take place in the course of the week with the Birmingham Club, and another is in course of arrangement with the City of London Chess Club.—*Land and Water*.

PROBLEM No. 309.

By J. W. Abbott.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 437TH.

Played at Philadelphia on the 6th inst., between Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. Martinez.

Ruy Lopez.

White.—(Capt. Mackenzie.) Black.—(Mr. Martinez.)

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. K Kt to B3 | 2. Q Kt to B3 |
| 3. B to Kt5 | 3. Kt to B3 |
| 4. Castles | 4. Kt takes P |
| 5. P to Q4 | 5. B to K2 |
| 6. P to Q5 | 6. Kt to Q5(a) |
| 7. Kt takes Kt | 7. P takes Kt |
| 8. Q takes P | 8. Kt to B3 |
| 9. B to K B4 | 9. P to Q R3 |
| 10. B to R4 (b) | 10. P to Q Kt4 |
| 11. P to Q8 | 11. P takes P |
| 12. B to Q Kt3 | 12. B to Kt2 |
| 13. B takes Q P | 13. Castles |
| 14. Kt to B3 | 14. R to B sq |
| 15. Q R to Q sq | 15. B takes B |
| 16. Q takes B | 16. R to B3 |
| 17. Q to Q4 | 17. K to R sq |
| 18. K R to K sq | 18. P to Q4 |
| 19. P to Q R4 (c) | 19. P takes P |
| 20. Kt takes R P | 20. R to K3 |
| 21. Kt to B5 | 21. R takes R (ch) |
| 22. R takes R | 22. Q to Kt3 (d) |

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 23. R to K7 | 23. B to B3 |
| 24. P to Q B3 | 24. Kt to K5 |
| 25. Kt to K6 (e) | 25. Q takes Q |
| 26. Kt takes Q | 26. B to R sq |
| 27. R to R7 | 27. R to K sq |
| 28. P to B3 | 28. Kt to B4 |
| 29. B to B2 | 29. K to Kt sq |
| 30. K to B2 | 30. P to Kt3 |
| 31. P to Q Kt4 | 31. Kt to K3 |
| 32. Kt takes Kt | 32. P takes Kt |
| 33. R takes Q R P | |

And wins.

NOTES.

(a) Black's form of defence in this game is not to be commended, but he fights splendidly under the disadvantages it incurs.

(b) A move for the gallery is R to K sq, to which the defence replies with castling.

(c) Taking the Pawn would have been a very complex experiment, and was, therefore, judiciously rejected.

(d) The beginning of a very interesting but hazardous counter plot. It is a pity that Mr. Martinez, after fighting so well out of his difficulties, should not have contented himself here with R to K sq, and an even game.

(e) Forcing an exchange of Queens and giving the game to White. Had this move, however, been made a move earlier Black would have replied with Q to R4. —*Philadelphia Times*.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 307.

WHITE.

1. Kt to B5
2. B takes Kt
3. R to K2 mate

BLACK.

1. Kt to Kt6
2. B takes Kt

There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 305

WHITE.

1. R to Q R3
2. Mates acc.

BLACK.

1. Any

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 306.

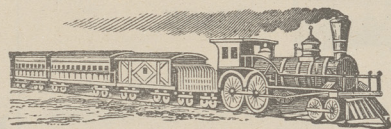
WHITE.

- K at Q Kt5
- R at Q sq
- B at K Kt7
- Kt at K Kt5
- Pawns at K B3 and Q Kt4

BLACK.

- K at Q4
- Kt at Q6
- Pawns at Q3 and 5, K B6 and K R4

White to play and mate in three moves.

Q. M. O. AND O. RAILWAY.
Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1880.

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	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
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Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Ho-			
chelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for			
Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Ho-			
chelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St.			
Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for			
Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for			
Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hoche-			
laga.....	6.00 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.20 a.m.		
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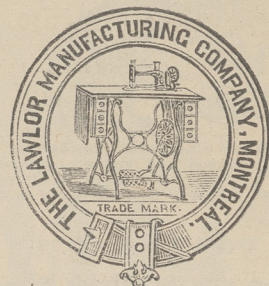
INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

REMITTING MONEY.—All remittances of money should be in the form of postal orders. When these are not available, send money by registered letters, checks or drafts, payable to our order. We can only undertake to become responsible for money when sent in either of the above ways.

This journal is the only Scientific and Mechanical Monthly published in Canada, and its value as an advertising medium for all matter connected with our Manufactories, Foundries, and Machine Shops, and particularly to Inventors, is therefore apparent.

50 Gold, Chromo, Marble, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c. Cards, with name on all 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples 10c. Heavy gold ring for club of 10 names. Globe Card Co., Northford, Conn.

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Encourage Home Manufacture and try our GENUINE IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES.

We manufacture all the leading Styles and Patterns, and our Improvements are secured by Letters Patent.

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50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards, (No 2. Alike,) With Name, 10c. 35 Flirtation Cards, 10c. Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 20c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn

Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 PARK ROW, Times Building, NEW YORK, is authorised to contract for advertisements in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at our BEST RATES.

25 New and Beautiful Japanese, Rose Bud, Trans-parent, Comic and Blue Bird Cards, with name on all, 10c. Twelve packs for one dollar. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. Sample of Magic Cold Water Pen (writes without ink), 5c. Agents wanted. Queen City Card House, Toronto.

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All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in the BEST STYLE

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PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.

The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

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Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

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Cloth Boots and Slippers, Overshoes, Moccasins and all other seasonable goods at prices far lower than elsewhere.

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FURS We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment in Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

We invite inspection.

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CORNER OF
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Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,
374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.
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—AND—
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ESTABLISHED 1839.

WATCHES 20 p.c. discount.
JEWELLERY 25 "
SILVER Plated Ware 20 "
FOR CASH, Till January 1, 1880.
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WATCH REPAIRING.



SHIRTS
Best Materials! Reasonable Prices!! Call
and leave your orders.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. B. LAFLAMME,

(Late of Kemp & Co.)

249 St. James Street, Montreal.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made.
Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta
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DENTAL PEARLINE!

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder
Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per
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50 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CARDS. Gilt Fringe,
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no two alike, name on, 10c., by return mail. Agent's
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1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting
Cards, Books, and Novelties. Outfit
3c. Big Profits. 50 gilt edge cards, in
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Call, 15c. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth,
N.S.

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HOP BITTERS,

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE,
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AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES
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THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood-
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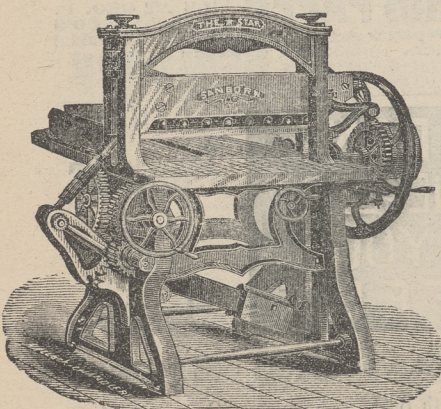
\$1000 IN GOLD

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or
help, or for anything impure or injurious found
in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and
free books, and try the Bitters before you
sleep. Take no other.

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE STAR.

30 inch. 32 inch. 34 inch. 38 inch. 44 inch. 48 inch.



MANUFACTURERS
TO THE
QUEEN
OF
ENGLAND
AND
THE PRINCIPAL
COURTS
OF
EUROPE

UNRIVALLED EXHIBITION HONOURS

—PARIS 1873—
THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

**COLMAN'S
MUSTARD**

THE LARGEST
—IN THE—
MANUFACTURERS
WORLD—

TRADE MARK BULL'S HEAD

"ASK FOR GENUINE OR DOUBLE SUPERFINE"

SOLE AGENTS,

**WM. JOHNSON & CO., 77 ST. JAMES ST.,
MONTREAL.**

**LEADING BRANDS ONLY IN STOCK AT THE
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.**

POMMERY SEC.....	Qts and Pints.	JULES MUMM'S
POMMERY EXTRA SEC.....	"	VERZENAY
H. PIPER SEC.....	"	EXTRA DRY.....
PIPER HEIDSIECK.....	"	EXTRA DRY ENGLAND.....
DRY MONOPOLE.....	"	DUC DE MONTEBELLO.....
		SPARKLING MOSELLE.....
		SPARKLING SAUMUR.....

PORTS, SHERRIES, MADEIRA AND MARSALA IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.

BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
COURVOISIER'S V. V. O. COGNAC, Without any doubt the finest Brandy on this continent.
Price reduced from \$3 to \$2.50 per bottle for the balance of the year.
ALEX. MCGIBBON.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE



MARK.

CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion, which is
the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful
and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach."
"Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, safe
under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be
derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years.
Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



**EXTRACT
OF MEAT**

FINEST AND CHEAPEST

MEAT-FLAVOURING

STOCK FOR SOUP,

MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

"Is a success and boon for which Nations should feel
grateful."—See *Medical Press, Lancet, Brit. Med. Jour., &c.*
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.
Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale
only) C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with
fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-
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W. S. WALKER,

IMPORTER OF

Diamonds, Fine Watches & Jewellery.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLOCKS,

SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE.

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BOOKBINDER

AND

WHOLESALE STATIONER,

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20 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Cards or 20 Floral Motto
with name 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N.Y.

50 TORTOISE, Seroll, Wreath, Chromo, Motto and
Floral Cards, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Ct.

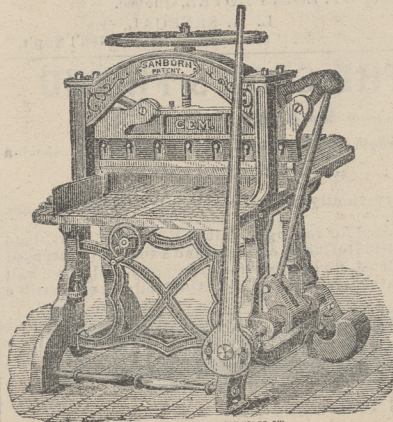
BOOK BINDERS'

MACHINERY
PRINTERS' and
NEW YORK, PAPER BOX
28 Beekman St.
MAKERS'
CHICAGO.

77 Monroe St.

GEO. H. SANBORN,

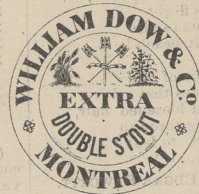
Standard Machinery Co.



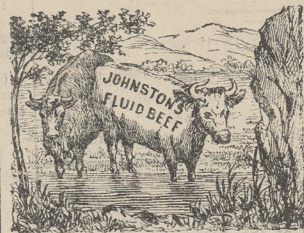
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30 inch. 32 inch.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.
BREWERS and MALTSTERS,
MONTREAL.



Superior Pale and Brown Malt.
India Pale, and other Ales. Extra Double and Single
Stout in Wood and Bottle. Shipping orders pro-
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**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF** is
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the BRITISH,
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Naval, Military
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pitals. It is pre-
scribed by the
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medical man who has tested its merits. It is the only
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where to be the most perfect food for invalids ever in-
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and \$1.00.

JOHN MCARTHUR & SON,
OIL & COLOR MERCHANTS.

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CELEBRATED



WHITE LEAD.

MONTREAL.

**GLASS
SIGNS**

And Show Cards for all Business.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

S. N. HICKS, 23 McGill Street, Montreal.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5
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illustrated in colours. Fancy covers, \$2.00. Mailed from
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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY
ALL DRUGGISTS

R. HEMSLEY,
173 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Six doors east of Chaboillez Square.)
MONTREAL.

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

Established 1869.
LARGEST STOCK OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES IN THE CITY.
ALL WATCHES WARRANTED OR TO BE RETURNED.
AT LOWEST PRICES.

HIGHEST PRICES ALLOWED FOR OLD
WATCHES IN EXCHANGE.
GOODS SENT BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS
WITH PRIVILEGE OF SEEING GOODS
BEFORE PURCHASING.
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